Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XXX No. 36 SEPTEMBER 6, 1947 FTEEN CENTS

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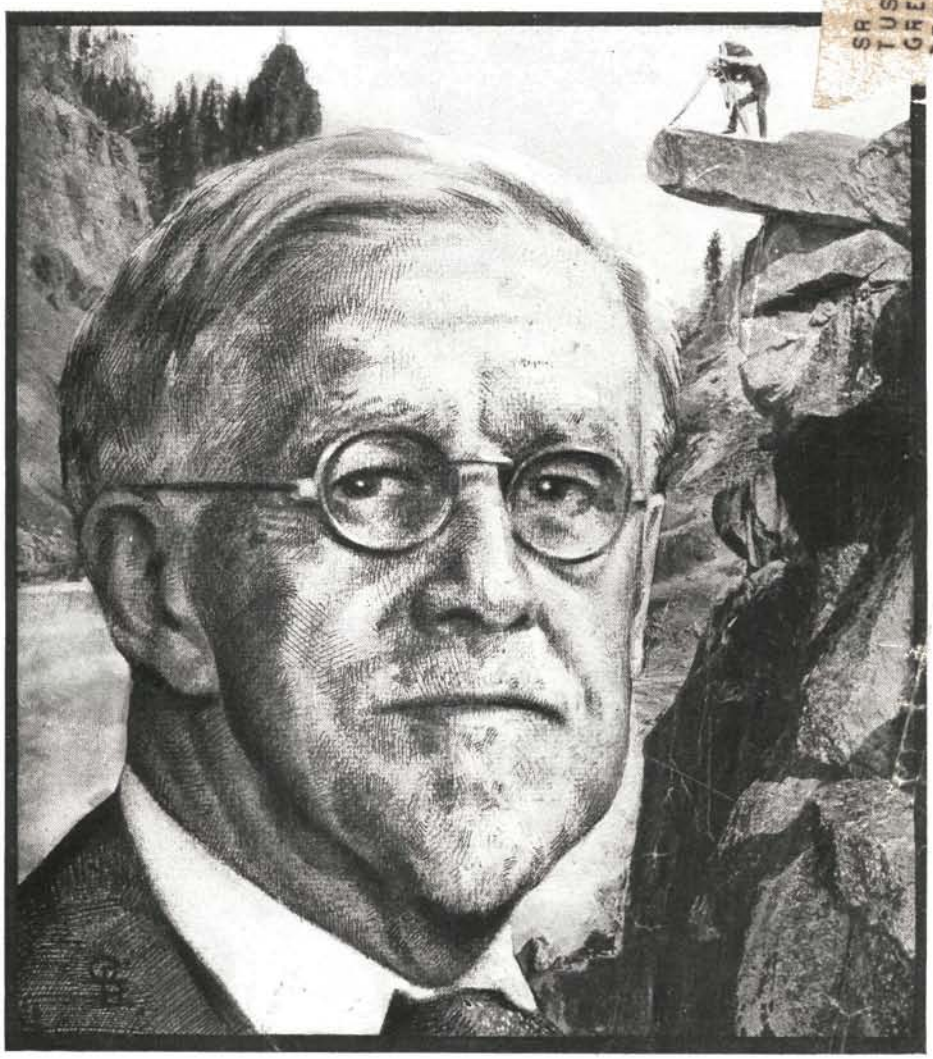

William Henry Jackson, "Picture Maker of the Old West." (See Page 11)

Does the Universe Have a Mind?

By WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE

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THIS ADVERTISEMENT, THE FOURTH OF A SERIES BY LEADING BOOK ADVERTISING AGENCIES, IS PRESENTED BY THE SATURDAY REVIEW AS A SERVICE TO THE BOOK TRADE.

What the Book Business Needs

THIS is the continuing title of a complete series of articles but it seems presumptuous for an advertising agency to step forward and dogmatically orate about "What the book business needs." Although an advertising man's association with publishers and booksellers may be very close, he is naturally a bit on the sidelines. His tussles with the problems of the business do not involve quite the flesh-to-flesh body grips which entitle him to lecture brashly on "what's wrong with the book business."

Humility therefore suggests that he limit his dissertation to a few broad general aspects, pose a few questions, and then bow his way out of the arena. For example, let us look at some of the factors which have a direct bearing on the purchase of books:

TIME: The average work-week is steadily diminishing; more hours are available for leisure than ever before. (Movies and radio fight toe-to-toe for a greater share of these hours. Are books putting up as tough a battle as they might?)

PLACE: The National Housing Administrator's Survey says that 12,600,000 new homes will be needed during the next 10 years. (You may be sure that these homes will contain plenty of provision for modern equipment and conveniences; but will adequate provision be made for the shelving of books?)

PEOPLE: Each year the various states are appropriating more and more money for the education of their people. By 1955 the Government itself will have spent over 12 billion dollars upon further education for veterans. (Figures indicate that the more money a state spends upon education the larger are its people's purchases of books, entirely aside from textbook sales. Is the book business watching the states where the appropriations for education are going up most sharply and steadily?)

MONEY: In 1937 over two-thirds of America's families had incomes of less than $40 a week, with more than one out of four families in the very lowest income bracket. Today, three out of every five families have incomes of $40 a week or more, with only one out of every seven families in the very lowest income bracket. And, despite higher living costs, there is a larger-than-ever percentage of income available for purchases that are not food and shelter items. (Is the book business training its sights on these new shifts of buying power?)

OUTLETS: The old Cheney Report showed us that, in 1931, thirty-two million people did not have access to a first-class bookstore; and that the same condition obtained in two-thirds of all counties and one-half of all urban places with a population of between 5,000 and 100,000. (Of course that was 16 years ago; but does your observation and experience indicate that the situation has improved to any tremendous degree?)

It is not possible to isolate and fix upon one single answer to the problem of "what the book business needs." Certainly it has come a long way since 1926 when one authority estimated that the publishers and purveyors of current books were being supported by only 200,000 people out of our total population!

But it *would* seem logical to believe that the book business as a whole could profit greatly through emulating the intensive market analyses which are conducted cooperatively by other large industries, and also individually by aggressive companies in those industries—the scientific break-down and deep study of the markets for their products, and the characteristics, differences, and potentialities of those specific markets; all preparatory to the thorough promotion and development of them.

SCHWAB and BEATTY, INC.

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September 6, 1947

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien

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Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.

Straw Fire

by Kathleen Crawford

A first novel with all the spontaneity and spirit and heartbreak of youth. A writer who, at 26, has style, passion and idealism, and an extraordinary ear for dialogue.

Straw Fire—the story of Frances Acheson who sets out to live what she believes in the South of today. She is a church member who practices what the minister preaches. She is a young teacher who means to awaken her pupils. She is a daughter who won't take her parents' word for it. And she falls in love with Paul Revkin, sensitive, intelligent, a young Jewish musician. Told with humor and compassion, this is the story of their love—headlong, fated . . . $2.75

Too Late for Tears

by Roy Huggins

When that popular first mystery, *The Double Take,* rose over the horizon, readers hailed a new star. But Roy Huggins was already probing deeper into the motives for violence in a story that is not a mystery at all, but a novel of suspense and temptation . . .

Temptation—$100,000 worth of it! What would you do, for instance, if someone tossed $100,000 into your car one night? Jane and Alan Palmer kept it, and found they had to pay, with lies, with fear, with violence . . .

A Detective Book Club Selection $2.50

MORROW *At Your Bookstore* **MORROW**

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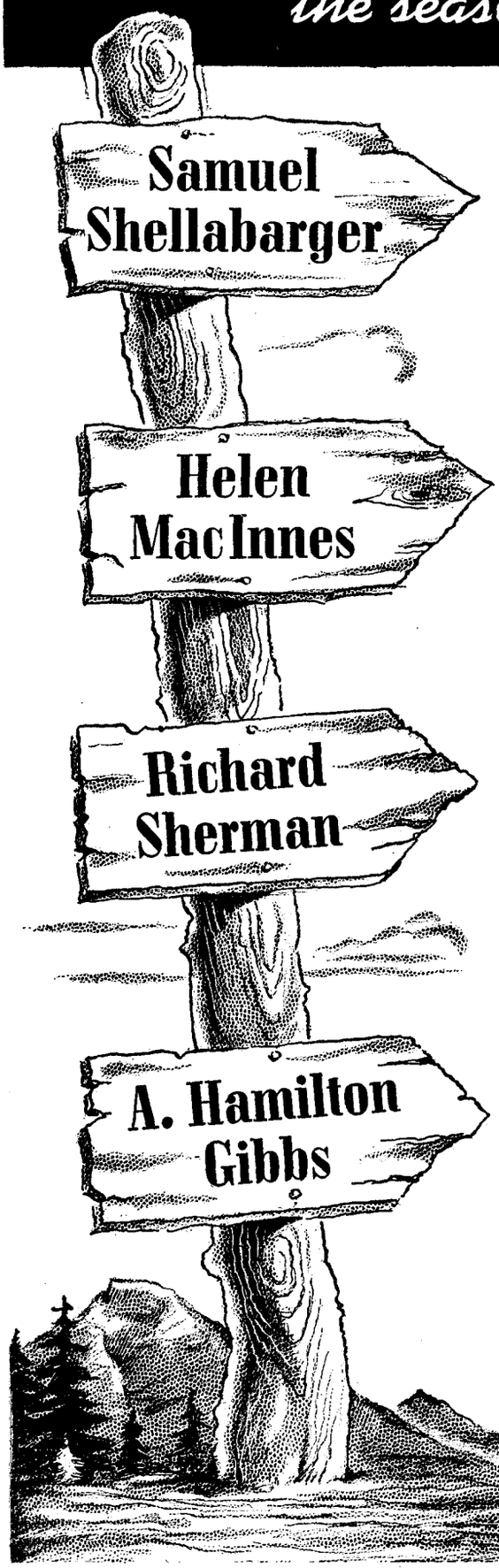
Again—Little, Brown points the way to the season's outstanding fiction



PRINCE OF FOXES

This new novel by the author of CAPTAIN FROM CASTILE is a magnificent romance of the mysterious young lord, Andrea Orsini, who played a dangerous double game for the Italy he dreamed of and for the woman he loved. "... a fascinating resurrection ... of a furiously exciting, cruel and splendid age."—CHARLES LEE, *N. Y. Times. August Literary Guild Selection.* $3.00

FRIENDS AND LOVERS

The new novel by the *new* Helen MacInnes, who writes as convincingly of passion and romance as she wrote of adventure and intrigue in ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY and ABOVE SUSPICION. "A modern love story that recaptures all the magic of that first fine rapture."—*WINGS, The Literary Guild Magazine.* $2.75

THE BRIGHT PROMISE

What Amy Ellery learned about life and love in her first twelve years with Lyle few women learn in a lifetime. The author of TO MARY WITH LOVE has written an intimate, nostalgic novel of a woman you will come to know better than your best friend. *September Literary Guild Selection.* $2.75

WAY OF LIFE

Coming September 10th. The author of SOUNDINGS writes a timely and compelling novel of an American paratrooper's love for an English girl. The pent-up fury, hope and optimism of today's youth is boldly contrasted with the cynicism and disillusionment of the older generation. "A beautiful and heart-rending picture of a cockeyed world."—KENNETH ROBERTS. $2.75

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

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TRADE Winds

THE POPULARITY OF "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," following that of "The Lost Weekend" and a half dozen other tomes involving the case histories of chronic inebriates, makes particularly timely the report of the Research Council on Alcohol (an affiliate of the American Association for the Advancement of Science). The council estimates that while sixty million people in the United States indulge in intoxicating beverages, only three million drink to excess, and one-quarter that number—750,000—cannot control their craving. At the present rate, the life story of every one of those 750,000 should be immortalized in print inside of ten years! And here's a statistic that is referred politely to motion picture producers: as a class, writers and newspapermen rank only fifth, percentage-wise, in the standings of the John Barleycorn league. First, with plenty to spare, are farmers. It must be those long winter nights on the lone prairiee. . . . Incidentally, if Thorne Smith, instead of Natalie Scott, had written "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," he probably would have named it "Toper Takes a Trip." . . .

ROOTS. . . . Thomas Macaulay, famous British historian, distinguished himself at the age of four, when, according to biographer Wanda Orton, he rebuked a lady who asked him, "Did-oo hurt-oo's itty bitty finger?" with "Madam, the agony has slightly abated." . . . Louise Baker, one-legged humorist who wrote the rollicking "Out on a Limb," shared a cabin in one Atlantic crossing with a lady who thought she needed special mothering. Miss Baker had a fine time on board, and invariably retired very late. The lady demanded, "Will you tell me what a young lady on crutches does on shipboard until one o'clock in the morning?" "What do you think young ladies without crutches do?" asked Miss Baker. "Mercy goodness," gasped the lady, "you don't do that, do you?" . . . M. Lincoln Shuster wore short pants in his freshman year at the Columbia School of Journalism. In his senior year, he made five thousand dollars writing a series of alluring and glamorous ads for an automobile ("The Jordan Playboy") he had never even seen. . . . David Davidson, author of "The Steeper Cliff," began his career as a reporter on the old *Morning World*. His first assignment was to assist in covering the Lindbergh kidnaping trial. Because he spoke fluent German, he wangled a long interview with Mrs. Bruno Hauptmann — something every veteran newshawk had attempted in vain. . . . Sigmund Spaeth made more money explaining how "Yes We Have No Bananas" was inspired by Handel's "Messiah" than Handel earned in royalties. . . .

IN DEFENSE OF THE HACK

By A. C. Spectorsky

I rise in defense of one of the most maligned groups of people within the literary sphere.

In the past month I have counted, in book review sections and literary columns, no less than twenty-eight pejorative references to hack writers. "Hack" has become the literary four-letter word to which a writer is supposed to respond with a blandly superior smile or a healthy flow of adrenalin and swinging fists, depending on whether it is applied to someone else or to him.

What's wrong about being a hack, though? Let me tell you, in fact, about a typical one.

George Hack (we'll call him) is a respectable, average man with a nice wife and two well-brought-up, happy kids. He lives in a suburb. He works about forty hours a week. Like other professionals, he has no regular job, but his bills are as regular as yours and mine.

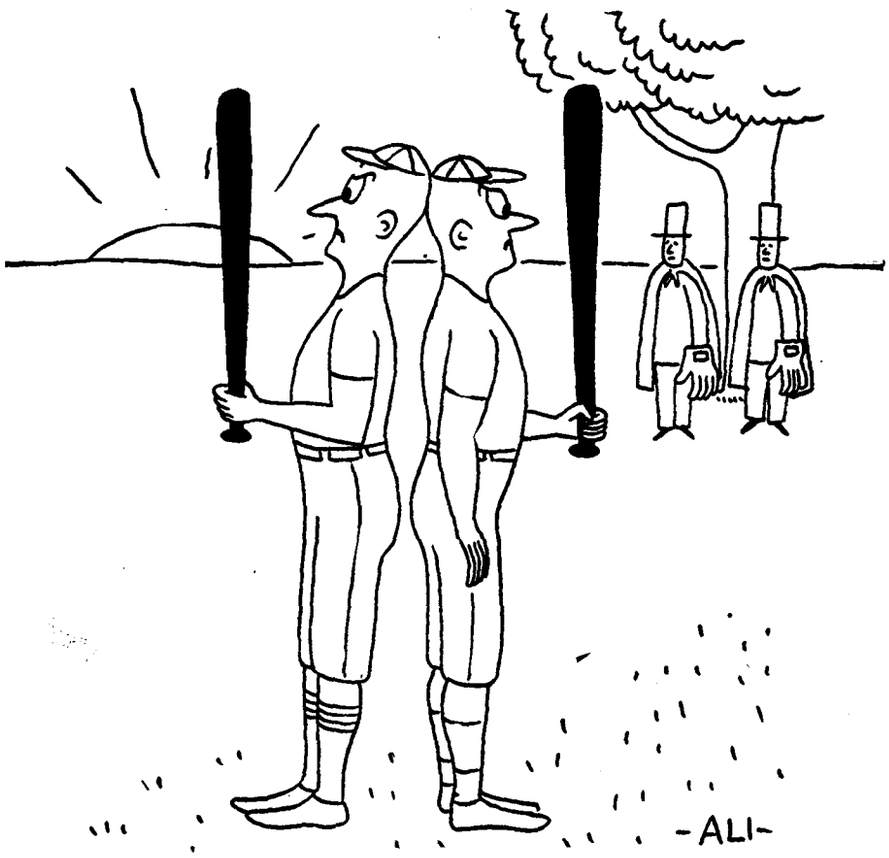
George has no pretensions about his work. He does not consider himself a genius or an artist. He thinks of himself as a skilled craftsman. He has made a painstaking study of markets, sources of supply and demand, trends, and general health in the business of the printed word.

He has achieved a degree of security and success in his field because he never shirks nor accepts an assignment that is beyond him. Editors can call George, give him a subject, a word limit, a deadline, and a fair price, and if he says "yes," they know he'll deliver a workmanlike job to fill the specification.

Like the lawyer who dreams of being a Blackstone and the doctor who wishes he were Pasteur, our George Hack thinks, at times, he'd like to be another Shakespeare, or another Hemingway. But like as not, his thoughts are interrupted by the arrival of his kids from school, or a workman with a noisy repair job to do on the bungalow. George seldom has time to complete a daydream. He is too busy turning out serviceable copy, on schedule, to fill a definite public demand.

Why is it that the George Hacks are the defenseless targets of so much easy sniping? They are helping to build a reading public. They are doing the jobs which make it possible for national magazines of large circulation to get good advertising dollars, out of which they can pay more artistic writers than George the huge prices you read about in the columns.

And let's remember this: it isn't George Hack who gets the book-club money, the best-seller money, the Hollywood money. It's the "artists" who have the privilege of selling their souls. George is just doing an honest, unpretentious, solid day's work for a



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"From where I sit"

THE OTHER day a fellow ups to me and he says I hear you're leaving Doubleday. Yes, I says, I'm going to give the casters on my chair a little whirl.

What made you decide to leave? he asks. Well, says I, as an editor, I have to attend a great many literary cocktail parties, and I've found you just aren't anyone unless you're writing a novel. It doesn't matter if you've already written one, you have to be WRITING one right between the first and second martinis. Otherwise you're liable to be trapped in an argument over the relative merits of Lehman Engyl and Emil Lengyl, or for that matter Solom Asch and Scholem Asheim.

I see, says he, and I suppose you're going to be able to make both ends meet? Can't say, I replied, — embarrassed at the candidacy of his remark—they haven't even been introduced yet. If things get really tough, I'll put a personal in *SRL:* NOVEL BEING EVICTED. MUST HAVE SMALL PLOT FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPATION. Write or phone Box 44, Metropolitan Opera House.

Where will you work? my friend asks. I do my best work in the privacy of bars, railroad stations, Chinese laundries (when I haven't got the tickey) and the fountain in Washington Square. I also have a teaching job and I'm learning to hang from a Help Wanted sign by my teeth.

Have you enjoyed what you saw from where you sat? Yes, on a clear day you can see the Chrysler Building and the perfumed towers of the Ritz. Then incidentally, of course, there have been books to review, and books are damn nice things to have around, both in the mind and on the shelf.

paul

EDITOR'S NOTE:
Paul, the author of FINE TOOTH COMB, which the *Chicago Tribune* acclaimed as "one of the important books of the year—perhaps several years," is at work on a new novel.

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Let me see—did Mr. Revere say 'One if by land and two if by sea' or 'Two if by land and one if by sea'?"

living wage—with no glory and no glamor.

Let's stop knocking the competent hack for not being what he never pretended to be. He's made his way in a tough game, and deserves credit....

IN "OVER AT UNCLE JOE'S" (Bobbs-Merrill), Oriana Atkinson's account of her visit to Russia, she tells of meeting one Moscow lass who seemed particularly nervous and distraught. "I'm over-tired," admitted the girl. "I've gone without sleep for two whole nights rehearsing for a spontaneous demonstration tomorrow." . . . Holbrook Jackson, in "Bookman's Pleasure" (Farrar, Straus), quotes ever-modest Bernard Shaw as follows: "Whenever I have been left alone in a room with a female, she has invariably thrown her arms around me and declared she adored me. It is fate." His hostess for a week end, however, once complained caustically to Frank Harris:

> You invite Shaw down to your place because you think he will entertain your friends with brilliant conversation. But before you know where you are he has chosen a school for your son, made your will for you, regulated your diet, and assumed all the privileges of your family solicitor, your housekeeper, your clergyman, your doctor, and your dressmaker. When he has finished with everybody else, he incites the children to rebellion. And when he can find nothing more to do, he goes away and promptly forgets all about you. . . .

GENE FOWLER, collecting material for a biography of the late Jimmy Walker, already has enough colorful stories to fill a thousand-page book. A few days before he died, Jimmy, dapper and irresistible as in his heyday, visited Random House. He was toying with the notion of bidding on the Ogden Reid residence and transforming it into headquarters for his flourishing radio and recording business—and he wanted to see what we had done in the Fahnestock wing across the courtyard. In the course of his tour, Jimmy told two more stories that Fowler might be able to fit in somewhere.

The first concerned a day early in 1943 when a newly camouflaged destroyer darted out of a British port to escort an American battleship into Plymouth Harbor. The destroyer zigzagged back and forth in the path of the battleship and then signaled by blinker, "What do you think of our camouflage?" The exasperated captain of the battleship signaled back, "It's magnificent. Where the hell are you?"

The other was about a church father who was inveigled into a round of golf and enjoyed it so thoroughly that he became a fanatic on the subject. Finally the archbishop had to send for him. "My son," said the archbishop, "I have always encouraged healthful exercise, and I consider golf both an excellent diversion and a means of communing with mother nature. But if one plays golf too much, one is apt to neglect his real duties."

The father was crushed. "May I ask why you seem to think I am overdoing it?" he asked humbly.

"I noticed," said the archbishop gently, "that when you approached the altar this morning you were holding your psalm book with an interlocking grip."

BENNETT CERF.

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Six REVIEWERS URGE YOU TO READ

"a book that is different"..."unique"..."a surprising document"
"a modern fairy tale"..."a minor classic"..."a treasure"

HOUSEBOY IN INDIA

In order the reviewers are: Lewis Gannett, *N. Y. Herald Tribune; Worcester Telegram; Christian Science Monitor;* Philo M. Buck, *Chicago Tribune;* Elsie Weil, *United Nations World;* Ernestine Evans, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review.*

By TWAN YANG

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

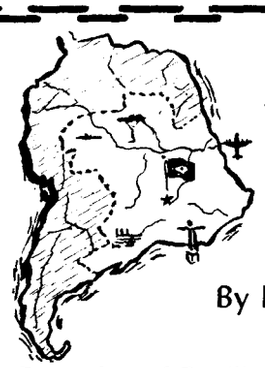
$2.75

"How the master race looks to the keen, critical, not unfriendly and humorous eyes of a smart and sensitive Chinese-Tibetan servant."—*Oakland Tribune.*

"A surprising document . . . His protean changes of religion, dress, speech, name and nationality . . . would surely turn the bishop of Bray green with envy . . . a remarkable portrayal."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"The whole book is like a string of beads, the beads little close-up scenes of common life in India . . . at once poetic and picaresque, it holds the reader fast . . . It is a treasure."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

An Asia Book



THE BRAZILIANS

People of Tomorrow

By Hernane Tavares De Sá

Descendant of Brazilian leaders, steeped in his country's history, long a resident and lecturer in the United States, Dr. Tavares has the ideal qualifications to interpret Brazil to us and to explain its increasingly important role in world affairs. A Selection of the East and West Association. $3.00

I HAVE TWO COUNTRIES

By Mbonu Ojike
author of *My Africa*

"Frank and fearless . . . this book on the American education of a young Nigerian makes one laugh, question, and think."—*Christian Science Monitor.* "A warm-hearted, informative book."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $3.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE JOHN DAY COMPANY • 2 W. 45 St., N. Y. 19

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Capa's back! and Capa's got him!

WE don't talk about every book we publish in these pages; there isn't time or space. But when we knew we were going to publish this book we knew we'd want to shout about it. It just happens that a certain John Hersey is a friend of the man who took the pictures and wrote the text and he shouted first . . . in the current issue of '47 *Magazine*. It's beautiful shouting and we would like to be able to reprint all of it here. Since we can't, this is part of John Hersey's article on Robert Capa, called *The Man Who Invented Himself*.

The Book: SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS, a collection of war photographs, with personal narrative by the man who took them.

The Author: Robert Capa.

Capa, the photographer who is credited with having taken the greatest pictures of the Second World War, does not exist. Capa is an invention. There is a thing in the shape of a man — short, swarthy, and carrying itself as if braced for something, with spaniel's eyes, a carefully cynical upper lip, and in general good luck around the face; and this thing walks along and calls itself Capa and is famous. Yet it has no actuality. It is an invention all the time and in all respects.

Capa was invented in 1935. In that year, in Paris, a certain Andrei Friedmann was an obscure photographer in one way: he owned a camera. Mostly he carried this instrument — a Leica, with one lens and one button to push — to and from a pawnshop. The camera spent three weeks in pledge at the shop to each week it spent in Friedmann's hands. To facilitate the camera's commutation, the photographer rented an office adjacent to the pawnbroker's; this took what little money he had but simplified the hocking and unhocking. These transactions became monotonous. One evening Friedmann and his sweetheart, a girl named Gerda, had an idea.

Andrei and Gerda decided to form an association of three people. Gerda, who worked in a picture agency, was to serve as secretary and sales representative; Andrei was to be a dark-room hired hand; and these two were to be employed by a rich, famous, and talented (and imaginary) American photographer named Robert Capa, then allegedly visiting France. The "three" went to work. Since the nonexistent Capa was so rich, Gerda refused to sell his pictures to any French newspaper for less than 150 francs apiece, which was three times the prevailing rate.

The strikes and civil disturbances associated with the growing Front Populaire afforded the unreal American with opportunities to make amazing pictures, and for a few months there was a kind of Capa craze. Money poured in. The association was happy, for Capa loved Gerda, Gerda loved Andrei, Andrei loved Capa, and Capa loved Capa. (The fourth of these attachments, incidentally, has persisted as one of the most wholesome and fruitful romances of the Twentieth Century.) Whenever Capa failed to get an important picture, Gerda made excuses to the editors. "That bastard has run off to the Côte d'Azur again," she would say, "with an actress." Once, when things grew dull, Gerda wrote to an American photographic agency that Capa was a rich, famous, and talented French photographer, and soon checks began arriving from the United States.

Late that spring, at a meeting of the League of Nations in Geneva, the freshly beaten Negus of Abyssinia was permitted to speak to the world for the last time. While he was speaking, a dozen Italian correspondents in a balcony at some distance from the speaker began to make loud and insulting noises. A scuffle took place. Most of the photographers were satisfied with pictures taken from far away. When the Italians were finally and roughly ejected by some Swiss newspapermen, the great American photographer Capa was naturally on hand at the doorway to get the only close-ups of the day. What the great American photographer did not know was that, at the moment of ejection, M. Lucien Vogel, editor of the French illustrated *Vue*, was standing there watching the whole thing. *Vue* was Capa's principal outlet. Three days later, when the close-ups reached M. Vogel's desk, the editor picked up his phone and called Gerda. Gerda said, "Mr. Capa says the Geneva picture will cost 300 francs." "This is all very interesting about Robert Capa," Vogel said, "but please advise the ridiculous boy who goes around shooting pictures in a dirty lumberjack to report to my office at nine tomorrow morning." That was the end of a certain amount of Capa.

Despite all the inventions and postures, Capa has, somewhere at his center, a reality. This is compounded of humaneness, courage, taste, a romantic flair, a callous attitude toward mere technique, an instinct for what is appropriate, and an ability to relax. At the very core, he even has modesty. He has the intuition of a gambler; other men swear that Capa the poker player is no invention; and on Omaha Beach, while crouching terrified behind a tank, Capa suddenly realized that he would be far safer on the open sand than behind such a target, and he moved out into the clear. His courage is partly this apprehension of the odds, and partly innate; one of the finest tributes he ever got was from an enlisted parachutist of the 82nd Airborne, who, a moment before jumping from his plane, in which Capa was taking pictures, said, "I wouldn't have your job for anything — too damn dangerous."

Capa has humor. He has a clear idea of what makes a great picture: "It is a cut out of the whole event," he says, "which will show more of the real truth of the affair to some one who was not there than the whole scene." Above all — and this is what shows in his pictures — Capa, who has spent so much of his energy on inventions for his person, has deep, human sympathy for men and women trapped in reality . . . Because of all these things about Capa, real and unreal, the pictures in SLIGHTLY OUT OF FOCUS will remain, it is safe to say, as the greatest one-man portfolio of photographs that will ever be assembled from World War II.

Slightly Out of Focus

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

by ROBERT CAPA

130 PHOTOGRAPHS • 243 PAGES • $3.50

Advertisement

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"THERE IS IN this man," T. V. Smith once wrote of Montague, "something that makes him the William James of our generation. There is a humility that finds itself not abased in seeing lowly facts and in prizing forgotten nobodies." Today, at 73, William Pepperell Montague is still one of America's most creative thinkers, still the pioneer philosopher who is fond of the word "speculations." Even as a child, he speculated on the soul. His mother tried to answer his persistent questioning by saying that the soul was that which made you "laugh and cry and think and move." This failed to satisfy young Montague. "If that's true," he countered, "why can't you get it out by boring very carefully up through the foot and leg until you reached it somewhere in the chest?" That conversation dates the beginning of William Pepperell Montague's search for and of the soul, a speculative search that finally produced a highly advanced exposition of the new theism. For William Pepperell Montague is concerned not only with the soul of man, but with the soul of the universe, or God. In an important book published this week by Harper and Brothers, "Our Emergent Civilization," edited by Ruth Nanda Anshen in the Science and Culture series, Professor Montague contributes a summing-up of his philosophy, which *SRL* is glad to be able to present herewith by arrangement with the publishers. This fall marks Professor Montague's last series of lectures at Columbia University—the formal close of a teaching career that began on the staff of Radcliff at the turn of the century.

Does the Universe Have A Mind?

WILLIAM PEPPERELL MONTAGUE

FROM the beginnings of European philosophy there have been two fundamentally opposed theories as to the nature of mind and its relation to the perishable organism known as the body.

The first and more congenial of these theories we shall call Spiritualistic Dualism. It is the theory that the minds of men and perhaps of animals have a reality of their own that is not completely dependent upon the living bodies within which they grow and by which and through which their careers are largely determined. That the mind can guide the body in the light of its memories of the past and its plans for the future seems obvious. According to this theory, just as the captain who guides his ship can leave it and survive its destruction, so can the mind survive the body on which it has made the voyage of life.

The second theory I shall call Naturalistic Monism. It is the view that mind, whether human or animal, is an inseparable aspect of the organism and its processes. This monistic conception is not so congenial to our hopes or to our common-sense beliefs as its dualistic opponent. Its great and growing strength is based upon science rather than upon naïve feeling and expectation. As science has advanced, and succeeded in explaining—or at least in describing and predicting—the course of events in one domain after another, the conviction has grown that men and other living organisms are integral parts of nature, more complicated in their laws than inorganic bodies but not essentially different from them, or at least not differing from them in such a way as to require explanation by immaterial agencies such as spirits. What we experience in ourselves as mind is, then, to be conceived as the inner aspect of certain processes in our bodies, and no more separable from or independent of those processes than the shape, size, or velocities of a body are separable from it.

Such is the theory of naturalistic monism. It is, of course, what has been traditionally called materialism in that it regards mind as an aspect or function of the material body. But those who hold the theory today do not like to be called materialistic or even mechanists because they say that such names would convey an oversimplified and a distorted impression of their view. Matter at the present time is regarded as composed not of simple little elastic spheres like tiny billiard balls but of complicated clusters of waves, and its laws are not the simple mechanical laws that sufficed to explain the behavior of the old-fashioned atoms but highly complicated relations in which electrical and electromagnetic factors are at least as important as those which are mechanical. We must be careful to remember that the new and complicated physics of the twentieth century with its concepts of relativity and quantum provides no more ground than did the older physics for the purposive type of activity that appears to be characteristic of mind.

OF THE many characteristics of the kind of reality that we call mind or mental, I select those four which seem most fundamental and which contrast most sharply with the kind of reality that we call matter or material.

1. *Privacy.* Everything that is mental is "private" in the sense of not being externally observable. If you were to cut open a man's skull and examine with the most powerful conceivable microscope every cubic inch of his brain you could not imagine yourself observing any of his mental states. The simplest sensations or feelings and the most complex ideas or thoughts would be equally impossible to observe by anybody except the man who had them.

2. *Duration.* Mental states are like material or physical events in that

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they succeed one another in time. The mental states of Monday, like the physical events of Monday, are followed by the mental states of Tuesday and of Wednesday. But between the two kinds of succession there is an extraordinary contrast. In a sequence of physical events the later moments must exclude the earlier, while in a sequence of mental events the later moments can include the earlier. The material world of Monday must be over and gone before the material world of Tuesday can exist; but the *experience* of Monday's world is contained in the experience of Tuesday. Physical time has only succession, mental time has duration as well as succession. It would be nonsense to say that in a game of bridge the later hands could include the earlier, yet the player's experience of the later does obviously include in what we call memory the experience of the earlier. One configuration of the fifty-two cards in the pack gives place to another, and in the latter case no more than in the former is it possible for the past to be contained in the present. We are forced to conclude that the property of duration, which is the outstanding characteristic of anything that can be called mental, simply defies explanation in ordinary materialistic or naturalistic terms.

THIS duration is of two kinds. There is the primary or continuous duration, which is called the "specious present," and there is the secondary or discontinuance duration, which is called memory. If I make five taps on a desk, you are conscious at the moment I tap the fifth time of the four preceding taps and of their time intervals. But if I ask you to think of a certain dinner party which you attended, last week or last year, you will be conscious of it as a part of your past, but you will not have any clear or sensory consciousness of the series of events in your life intervening between then and now. The discontinuous or episodic awareness of our past is what we mean by memory or *remembering*. Henry Bergson, who was the first philosopher to emphasize the all-important factor of "duration," or *durée réelle* as he named it, believed that nothing of our past is ever really lost, though it may be buried so deep as to defy recollection at any later moment. Sigmund Freud and some other psychologists share this belief that memory is indestructible or immortal, at least during bodily life. I think they are right. We drag with us through time, as a comet drags its tail, the steadily lengthening and deepening totality of traces of past experience. They constitute the private hell and heaven, the shame and the glory, that we have irrevocably built into the structure of our souls.

3. *Purposiveness.* Anticipation of the future is the consequence of memory of the past. The possibilities we can imagine, and which we seek to actualize or to avoid, are but the new combinations and rearrangements of what we have already experienced, and this third peculiar property of mind which we call *purposiveness* is but another aspect of its second property of *duration*. The capacity of the present to contain and to pursue an imagined future is at least as difficult to explain naturalistically as its other capacity to contain a remembered past. And nothing in the configuration of cerebral atoms moving from place to place will in the least account for it.

4. *Integration.* This last of the distinctively mental properties might be called "organicity" as well as "integration." The mind is perpetually integrating and organizing into unified systems the new elements that come to it. Not only do we assimilate into our conceptions, our purposes, and our characters the sensations that the environment presents, but we organize the environment itself. All the products of culture, such as laboratories, libraries, and churches, are projections into the external world and incarnations in the matter of that world of the mind's own structures, its hopes and fears and questionings. Mind informs matter and transforms the comparative chaos of its surroundings into a cultural cosmos nearer to its taste. And as life, once started, spreads and ramifies over the grateful earth from which it springs, so does that higher type of life which is mind wage a benign and creative war upon nature, imposing upon it its own unities of meaning and value. No greater slander of life and mind has ever been uttered than the biologist's charge that they are adaptations to environment. The truth is just the opposite. Mind and life adapt the environment to their needs and though they may stoop to conquer, and conform to things as they are, their primary intent is always conquest — conquest through a process of assimilation, organization, and integration, by which what *is* becomes what ought to be.

The Cosmic Mind

WHEN we turn from a consideration of the nature of the human soul and its relation to the body to consider the hypothesis of a cosmic mind, we are impressed with the meagerness of evidence available to support such a hypothesis. If we lay aside the rose-colored glasses of religious tradition and look at the cosmos coldly and with the naked eye of reason, we see a vast expanse of stars some of which like our own star, the sun, may have planets on which life as we know it could exist. Every hundred billion or so of these stars appear to be organized into what we call a galaxy, each of which rotates around its center. Nowhere among these sprawling galaxies do we discern, nor have we the slightest reason to infer, any structure however vast that resembles the vehicles of mind as we know them on our planet. Is it, then, more than an arbitrary fancy to suppose that the system as a whole, whether finite or infinite, could be the embodiment of a cosmic mind?

If mental states are identical with forms of potential energy, then the extent to which some sort of mental reality is present in the universe will be the extent to which potential energy is present—and that is everywhere. But the thought will immediately occur that the merely mental is not mind. Protoplasm is the only agency we know which acts as a trap for energy, and by means of which the traces of the kinetic currents flowing through it are pre-

(*Continued on page* 31)

For a Rationalist

By D. C. Burden

UNDER the sun at twelve
under the eye
that lets no grass-blade darken
no shadow lie
though you search though you stare
though you uproot the stone
you will not find what you are looking for
there.

Under noon the eye can see
the grass is grass
the tree a tree
and no stone looks like a fallen star
nor one plus one
makes three.

And still you will not find it
though you stare
though you peel the tree to a thin reed
and tear the reed apart
never will you see the blood the seed
never the dark dimension of the heart.

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Americana.

Not since the pioneer photographer of the War Between the States, Mathew Brady, was popularized in "Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man," has there been such a book as "Picture Maker of the Old West." A pioneer in photography equal to Brady, William H. Jackson threw himself into photographing and sketching the West of the later nineteenth century. Looking ahead in non-fiction, we are soon to have the paintings of Alfred Jacob Miller, dealing with the earlier West of the mountain fur traders and the Oregon Trail, brilliantly commented upon by Bernard DeVoto in his forthcoming volume "Across the Wide Missouri." Both books will be invaluable in the further writing of our history. Jackson's West was the mining, railroading West, the West of still murderous Indians, the West of newly-discovered scenic wonders. His views were peered at through stereoscopes by nineteenth-century eyes and adorned the walls of offices and hotels throughout the world.

Pioneer with Camera

PICTURE MAKER OF THE OLD WEST. By Clarence S. Jackson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 308 pp. $7.50.

Reviewed by LUCIUS BEEBE

WHEN, on May 10, 1869, the Golden Spike at Promontory, Utah, joined the converging rails of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, William Henry Jackson was not there. The picture of the engine pilots "touching head to head" which was later to become an almost universally reproduced item of pictorial Americana and is even today shamefully used in advertisements for that shameful devising, the Diesel-electric locomotive, was taken by Col. Charles R. Savage, a professional photographer working out of Salt Lake. There was present, too, a staff photographer for the Central Pacific who took pictures of Colonel Savage taking *his* pictures.

To have missed this epic event must have grieved William Henry Jackson, who was a great deal more of an amateur of railroading than is suggested by his son's "Picture Maker of the Old West," and two months later when he passed through Promontory, one of his photographs, taken from the north end of the yards, shows the American flag still flying from a flagpole at the meeting point of the rails that had been placed there for the festivities.

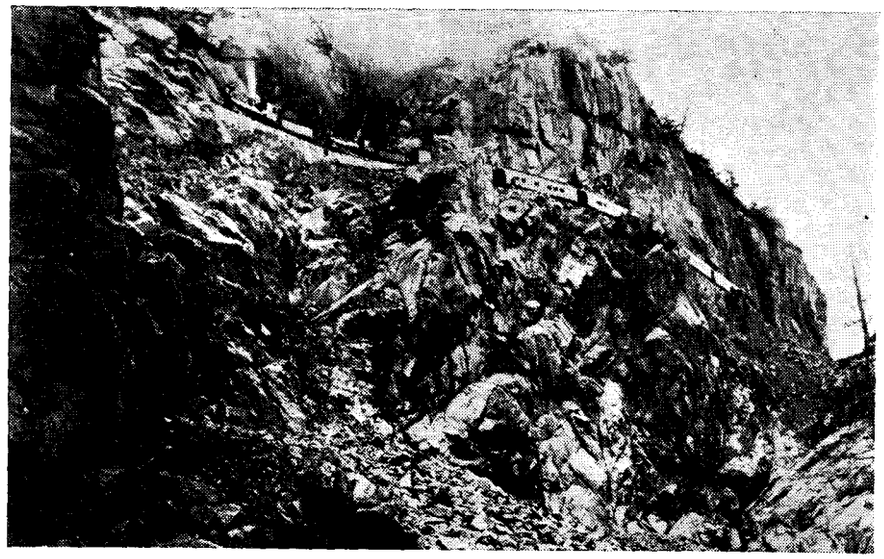
When, in 1865 in Burlington, Vermont, Jackson had clapped his silk hat on his head and shaken the dust of New England from his well shod feet forever, professionally at least, the American West lying between Council Bluffs and the Sierras was part reality and part dream. Jackson was determined to participate in the dream and perpetuate the reality, and succeeded in both these ambitions to a degree which makes his photographic record of the old West one of the most enchanting picture books of this or any other publishing season.

By no means all the known authentic Jackson photographs are included in this book. Miss Ina Aulls of the Western Collection of the Denver Public Library can produce scores of others, many of them original contact prints made from the huge two-foot-square wet plates which had, in those days, to be manufactured on the scene and developed within minutes of their exposure. The photographs alone of the now vanished Colorado Midland Railroad, for which Jackson was a staff photographer, would make a book of impressive dimensions, although only two of them are in the collection under present discussion. Railroad fans will incline to dismay at the very illiberal inclusion of railroad material in "Picture Maker of the Old West," but to everybody who is captivated by the most glamorous of all chapters in the American legend the book will still prove almost irresistible.

Although, perhaps less familiar to the general public than the name of Mathew Brady, much of whose fame derived from the celebrities who sat for his photographic portraits, Jackson when he died within a few weeks of his hundredth birthday was commonly regarded as the dean of his calling, and the century of his life saw the settlement of the illimitable Western lands, the conquest of every geographical frontier within the United States, and the transition from a tranquil age of agriculture to one of unsavory and tumultuous industrialism. Jackson was the first pioneer to photograph the upper Yellowstone as a member of the famed Hayden Survey and he is, to this day, the first cameraman to have penetrated the desolate reaches of Colorado's San Juan and the ruins of the Mesa Verde near the Utah border.

It is evident, too, that Jackson had a way with the Indians, many of whom in this era were of a suspicious and hostile nature, and his

"Jackson had a way with the Indians."



"Amateur of railroading," he shoots a train clinging to an Animus Canyon cliff.

—From the book.

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numerous portraits of aboriginal notables is in itself a valuable contribution to the record.

It may, perhaps, be remarked parenthetically that to nobody can Jackson's pictures of the old West be more fascinating than to cameramen who like the author of this notice and his associate in photography, seventy-five years later have photographed the identical scene from the identical spot where Jackson himself once set up the tripod for his ancient view camera. His shots, among others, taken nearly three-quarters of a century ago, of Trout Lake below Lizzard Head, of the narrow-gauge tracks of the Silverton branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad above the abyss of Animas Canyon, and of the hair-raising Ouray pack trail, now known as the Million Dollar Highway out of Durango, have their precise counterparts in the writer's own files, but achieved at what a variance in cost measured in terms of labor and technical dexterity!

Our photographs today are taken with a camera the size of a cigar box, weighing less than five pounds, on magazines of film so sensitive as to require an exposure time of less than a hundredth of a second, and the latent image can be carried in the film pack for years, if necessary, before being developed. Jackson's equipment weighed several thousand pounds in its entirety and necessitated a horse-and-buggy dark room that had to be driven into the remotest and most inaccessible and mountainous localities he visited. His wet glass plate was better than a foot square and fragile and unhandy at best. It had to be sensitized with elaborate chemical preparations on the scene of its exposure and in all sorts of weather and it had to be developed with even more complex chemical immersions within a few moments of its use.

It is perhaps to be regretted that Jackson was preoccupied with the spectacular natural wonders of the West to the exclusion, generally, of cities and events. News photography as it is now known and the stopping of action with speed cameras and fast film was, of course, not available to him. People, animals, and trains all had to be posed in static positions, but if any criticism of his general technique may be made it is that many of the frontier settlements and towns whose every detail has now vanished in the mutations of time did not have for him the fascination of mountains and forests and watercourses which are still available to photography in the identical forms that Jackson knew. In a word, a street scene in Silverton or Durango in the Seventies, even though posed or blurred, would be of more value to the generation of 1947 than a photograph of Lizard Head at the same period.

It cannot be said that the editing and manufacture of "Picture Maker of the Old West" is as satisfactory as its photographs. There is a great deal of waste space on the book's pages that might to advantage be occupied with more detailed captions and the captions themselves are extremely general and uninformative, lacking as they are in specific dates and close identification of locales. Nor is there any apparent awareness of modern book-making. There is no single layout of related pictures anywhere; no single picture in the entire volume has been bled to the edge of its page and there are vast and unsightly blank spaces below meager captions which cry pitifully for additional editorial or pictorial material. That such incompetence should bear the proud imprimatur of Scribner!

These, however, are superficial blemishes in the physical economy of a book that, better than any pictorial record that has gone before, gives a clue to the true character of the old West, to its pack trains and pioneers, its upland wildernesses and majesty of waterfalls as they were first seen by white men. To collectors of authentic Americana it is an absolute must, to lovers of the Western legend a mature and enduring satisfaction.

Lucius Beebe, newspaper columnist, man-about-town, bon vivant, and foremost chronicler of the American railroad scene, is author of the forthcoming "Mixed Train Daily."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

THE MAGIC OF THE SEA

A. C. Palmer, of Pomfret Center, Connecticut, submits twenty quotations which mention the sea. Can you match them with the names of the poets who wrote them? Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 17.

1. And if you call for a song of the sea, We'll heave the capstan round. ( ) Arnold
2. But now my Oat proceeds, And listens to the Herald of the Sea. ( ) Byron
3. The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls; He watches from his mountain walls. ( ) Coleridge
4. We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea. ( ) Cowper
5. "'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast!" And he steered for the open sea. ( ) Gilbert
6. We have fed our sea for a thousand years And she calls us, still unfed. ( ) Keats
7. Before him not the ghost of shores, Before him only shoreless seas. ( ) Kipling
8. I was a child and she was a child, In this kingdom by the sea. ( ) Lear
9. From the center all round to the sea, I am lord of the fowl and the brute. ( ) Longfellow
10. The mountains look on Marathon— And Marathon looks on the sea. ( ) Masefield
11. They went to sea in a sieve, they did, In a sieve they went to sea. ( ) Miller
12. The light that never was, on sea or land, The consecration, and the Poet's dream ( ) Milton
13. The sunlight clasps the earth, And the moonbeams kiss the sea. ( ) Noyes
14. Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. ( ) Poe
15. She left lonely forever The kings of the sea. ( ) Shakespeare
16. Nothing of him that doth fade But doth suffer a sea-change. ( ) Shelley
17. The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas ( ) Stevenson
18. I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky. ( ) Swinburne
19. Even the weariest river Winds somewhere safe to sea. ( ) Tennyson
20. Home is the sailor, home from the sea, And the hunter home from the hill. ( ) Wordsworth

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The World.

It seems only yesterday that such books as Wallace Deuell's "People Under Hitler," Sigrid Schultz's "Germany Will Try It Again," and Henry Morgenthau's "Germany Is Our Problem" were stimulating important controversial discussion. Back in 1943-45, the central question seemed to be: What can we do with *Germany? Today, judging by much of the official and public debate, we seem to be coming around very nearly to the question: What can we do* for *Germany? In any event, the battle of the prepositions is amply reflected in the trio of books reviewed below, and in several headline books scheduled for fall publication—among them, William Shirer's "End of a Berlin Diary," and Rebecca West's "The Meaning of Treason."*

No Time for Boredom

GERMANY—BRIDGE OR BATTLEGROUND. By James P. Warburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1947. 386 pp. $3.50.

STRUGGLE FOR GERMANY. By Russell Hill. New York: Harper & Bros. 1947. 260 pp. $3.

THE SOLUTION OF THE GERMAN PROBLEM. By Wilhelm Roepke. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons. 1947. 282 pp. $3.

Reviewed by ALLEN WELSH DULLES

THE AMERICAN reading public has the habit of becoming bored with certain topics if they are thrown at them too long and too often. This is unfortunate because such a state of boredom generally occurs at the moment when we should be trying to form a clear public opinion on a particular subject rather than shying away from it.

Thus it is with the German problem. We are surfeited with it; we wish it didn't exist; we are puzzled, distraught, annoyed. Yet it is still here for us to grapple with unless we propose to abandon a goodly share of our investment in the most devastating war of history. During hostilities and the immediate post-war period we lapped up war reports with avidity, particularly the stories of the crimes of our enemies and the exploits of our heroes. Now we want to turn to light fiction and rest. But there is no rest, at least there is no safety in rest for the men and women who form public opinion in a world power with great responsibilities. It is high time to look at the disagreeable facts about Germany.

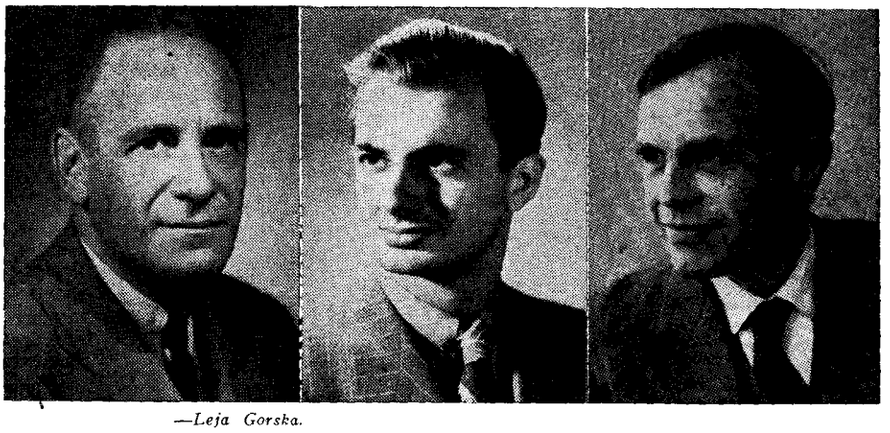
A series of important books on Germany is now appearing, and it is no easy task for the reviewer to fit three of them into a few paragraphs, and do justice to the labor of three eminent authors who undoubtedly feel that they are entitled to a single and undivided judgment.

Fortunately, these three books complement each other, and a reading of the three would give anyone a good vantage point from which to judge the day-by-day developments as we try to reach agreement on the Ruhr, fit Germany into the Marshall Plan, and prepare for the Conference of Foreign Ministers which may determine, possibly for generations, whether or not Germany is to be divided between East and West.

In "Germany—Bridge or Battleground" James P. Warburg has given an excellent survey of what has happened in Germany between V-E Day and the opening of the Moscow Conference of Foreign Ministers. It is the most factual, the least sensational, and the most temperate of the books from the pen of this author. But he pulls no punches from his opening description of the fantastic Directive 1067 of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, with its "confusing remnants of Morganthauism" with which our occupation of Germany made its inauspicious start, down to his conclusions. To these conclusions we can all say amen—but goodness knows what to do about them. "There can be no peace," says Mr. Warburg, "if Germany is permitted to become an intermediary between East and West"—or if there is "any attempt by either side to woo the Germans from the other." Our objective must be achieved "without either side seeking to win the support of the Germans against the other; and it must be a compromise which applies to all Germany." All of Germany is to be the bridge, or all of Germany is to be the battleground.

Unfortunately, we have behind us the sad history of two and a half years, and persuasive proof that Russia wants no bridge in Germany between East and West. The Soviet is confident that the efforts of the Western countries to restore a capitalist or a hybrid socialist-capitalist economy in Germany will collapse in the face of economic chaos, despair, and disillusionment. Russia is content with a third of the country today, confident that if she waits she will have all of it tomorrow. The evidence in the case has been strikingly built up over the last six months, and it is a pity that Mr. Warburg's account only brings us up to the convening of the Moscow Conference last spring. Some of his judgments as to the feasibility of certain plans might well have been modified in the light of the situation as we see it today. But despite this defect, Mr. Warburg gives us an excellent background study of the first two years of the occupation of Germany. Its utility is enhanced by 100 pages of basic documents never before collected under one cover.

Russell Hill, eminent correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, in "Struggle for Germany," tells us what it is like to live among the the Germans, how the Germans react to being a conquered and hungry people, and how the Americans behaved and misbehaved among them. His treatment of our denazification policy is particularly effective. Our Military Government officials failed here because so few of them know the basic facts of Nazism, and how it had come about. They had "an instinctive feeling that Nazism was bad" without knowing what Nazism was. With military efficiency the attempt was made to put everyone into



—*Leja Gorska.*

James P. Warburg decries the wooing of Germany by East and West. **Russell Hill denounces "our Gestapo" cloak-and-dagger methods.** **Wilhelm Roepke warns against our surrendering Germany in the last round.**

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categories on the basis of fantastic questionnaires, of which a million had been processed by the end of 1945. Never was a more impossible task.

Too often in Germany, as Mr. Hill points out, we have acted in violation of our own principles, and he suggests that in view of what we have done and permitted to be done, including "the inhuman mass expulsion of over 10,000,000 human beings, largely old people, women, and children, from their homes in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and eastern Germany. . . . most of the crimes against humanity might better have been left out of the Nuremberg indictment." He correctly and courageously denounces as "inexcusable from any point of view the activities of the American secret police in Germany, of our C.I.C. (Counter-Intelligence Corps) and C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Division), and other hush-hush, cloak-and-dagger, amateur detective outfits." "Our Gestapo," as he caustically calls them, have left a blot on our administration in Germany. Even high-minded, hard-working, and efficient public servants such as our Military Governor, General Lucius Clay, seem to be unable to cope with this particularly un-American feature of our occupation.

While Russell Hill is critical of much that we have done in Germany, he is no sentimentalist, and not for a moment has he been taken in by the Germans. If you want to know how the defeated and devastated Germany is living and feeling and thinking today, read his book.

The third of the trilogy, Wilhelm Roepke's book, is the most difficult to summarize in a few words. The title is somewhat pompous and misleading. There is no "Solution of the German Problem." In fact, there is probably no final solution for any great living world problem, but Roepke does give a searching analysis of the complex enigma of the German character, and is bold enough to suggest certain things which should now be done, after telling us in no uncertain terms of our mistakes of omission and commission.

Roepke is an all-out opponent of Nazism of long standing. He was forced to flee Germany soon after Hitler came to power, and has lived in Switzerland for the better part of the last fifteen years. At times he writes in an angry, uncompromising manner and, like many who left Germany in the early days of Nazism, is inclined to view those who had any dealings with Germany after 1933 as moral reprobates. This is a common attitude of the German refugees, who are disposed to judge the relative purity of motive by the respective dates on which the dust of Nazi Germany was shaken from the feet of those who left.

In dealing with German responsibility the author finds little to commend in the idea of collective guilt "because guilt is always personal." Of course, he is right in this but in a strange way the idea of their collective guilt preoccupies the Germans more than outsiders. After all, the Germans are wont to do everything "collectively" rather than individually, even to the point of being guilty. He does accept the view, however, that Nazism "far from being a mere incident in Germany, arose from conditions peculiar to Germany alone," and that the Germans bear "a legal responsibility for the damage done by the government that acted in their name." But Roepke is not content, and quite rightly, to leave the question of responsibility without some pertinent and well deserved strictures on the culpability of an outside world which, by its supine acquiescence during the six pre-war years of Nazism, did so much to help Hitler fasten his hold on the German people, and on Europe.

In three concluding chapters Roepke sums up what might have been done if we had grappled firmly with the German problem after the armistice, what has been done in Germany, and what can be done even now. Two years ago, Roepke believes, "Germany was a molten mass ready for pouring into the right molds. The moment for this was missed; the metal has cooled and toughened."

Looking back on events we might today conclude that it would have been wiser if, in May 1945, we had assumed Russian non-cooperation, and proceeded on our own to do what we could with Western Germany. But this would have taken great foresight, and would then have been looked upon as a direct provocation of Russia. Possibly Germany was in a plastic, malleable form in 1945, although I am inclined to be a little skeptical of it. It was broken and insensible rather, and whether it could have been cast in any form until some life had been breathed into it is a question.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

Problem: How to Restore His Health — But Not His Strength.

Today, Roepke finds that Germany is suffering from pernicious anemia, and he proposes certain lines of cure, all sound enough in themselves but vastly difficult to put into effect. At least progress along the lines he favors has so far defied all the planners in both the United States and England, and no mean brains have been brought to bear. For example, Roepke says, and everyone would echo it, "the prerequisite of a return to economic sanity in Germany is a radical reform of the German money system." But how can we radically reform the currency with no agreement with Russia, either to divide Germany into two parts, or to treat it as a unit? And what is the use of currency with nothing to buy?

If it becomes necessary to proceed without Russia, Roepke believes we should organize a West German Federation of autonomous German states, and make individual and parallel peace treaties with each of these states. Presumably they would have close economic ties, though Roepke's book does not give us much light on the solution of Germany's economic ills. He proposes that there be nine states in the western federation, and if the eastern part of Germany ever came into the *Staatenbund*, or confederation, the number would be increased to thirteen. This, he suggests, would give the western Allies a solution of their own to the German problem. It would prevent Russia from playing in Germany the Polish "Lublin" game, which Roepke rightly views as a real danger. Then, possibly the Russians would come to terms. Whether they do or not, "there cannot be any hesitation," for to surrender Germany now in the last round "would mean to sacrifice Europe to the mirage of unity with the Russians. It would mean nothing less than the suicide of the West for fear of death."

All in all, Roepke, out of a vast fund of knowledge and experience, has written one of the most searching books yet to appear on Germany's political and social problems.

Allen Welsh Dulles, lawyer, diplomat, author of "Germany's Underground," was Chief of the OSS missions in Switzerland during the war and in occupied Germany.

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Black Volcanoes

DEMOCRACY AND EMPIRE IN THE CARIBBEAN. By Paul Blanshard. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 379 pp. $5.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

"Pastoral, Puerto Rico," by Irwin D. Hoffman.

THE AMERICAN Mediterranean has been simmering away, with its little isolated chunks of foreign empires, for many centuries. Now, according to Blanshard, new air travel and the radio have done more in six years "to pull the Caribbean colonies together than all the fleets of history." The islands have been spiced with many new ingredients: new political movements, new art movements, labor unions, racial unrest, and the whole stew is about to boil over perhaps violently.

Looking at those realms from an airplane, the author describes them as "tiny discs of serenity in a blue-green sea." We shall not argue with the author about the prevailing color, or colors, of the Caribbean Sea, especially as his book is not concerned with the romantic and picturesque side of the Caribbean but with the fact that those discs are not serene at all, but "explosive"; they are "the black volcanoes of the Caribbean," "important trouble spots that sooner or later both America and Europe must pay . . . attention to . . ."

In the meantime, Paul Blanshard pays them plenty of attention. From 1942 to 1946 he served the State Department in the Caribbean and was able to become familiar, in his work in connection with the official Caribbean Commission, with the people, leaders, and way of life of the remotest tiny islands. With his lifelong study of social and labor problems, his abiding interest in human beings and elemental justice, his well-trained mind, his broad international outlook, he must have been invaluable to the Department and have carried out his assignments with more than customary zeal and originality, but had he done nothing more than produce the present book, his salary would be more than justified.

Not many general books have been written on the Caribbean in English or any other language, and this is not only the most comprehensive, but by all odds the best and most penetrating, although Cuba, Haiti, and the Dominican Republic, the so-called republics—which do not fall directly in the colonial pattern which Blanshard is treating—receive only cursory treatment.

Naturally the book, though it provides incisive historical summaries, does not supplant that excellent popular history by W. Adolphe Roberts, "The Caribbean"; and the summary put out by Raye R. Platt in 1941 for the American Geographical Society has its special values. Only one other recent volume covers the same general ground: "Angry Men-Laughing Men," by Wenzell Brown. That was warm and delightfully written, with more of the picturesque, better close-ups of individuals, and a wider range of interests, such as the dance, music, art, and literature. But on the more seamy side, the two findings pretty much coincide as to present hectic developments in the Caribbean, the abuses and misery, the causes and possible cures.

Blanshard, in a more formal organized manner, really presents us with a highly readable little encyclopedia of the region: history background, living conditions, and problems. Now and then a barb leaps out of the clear prose and quivers right in the bull's eye. "Indisputably," he says, "the laziest people in the Caribbean, except the beggars, are the white women, and they are the wealthiest and also the most constant complainants against the indolence of the blacks." For all its quiet, careful tone, this is a hard-hitting book that makes its points remorselessly. It hammers like a driving well-pump against racial discrimination, the lack of democracy, the economic injustices, and the other ills to which the people of the region are subjected.

The American empire south is the least shabby of the lot, but though Blanshard takes off the gloves with Jim Crowism on the Canal Zone (which constantly poisons our relations with the whole continent), he sometimes slurs over some of the mistakes and shortcomings of the boys from home. His treatment of the Nationalist Party of Puerto Rico and of Albizú Campos and the six other leaders who recently spent seven long years in Atlanta prison, did not seem to me quite adequate. His remedial proposals hardly match up with his strong analysis of the difficulties. He does indicate that some sort of regional integration or federation that will cut across the harassing frontiers of the four long-neglected empires is essential if the peoples on our doorstep are to enjoy even the most elemental civilized existence. The natural question arises, are we getting so busy in so many far places we can't take care of what is right under our nose?

But then we have rarely been told the facts, and the tourist spots in the general junkyard of tin cans, disease, injustice, and poverty are pretty elegantly tailored. The frank British Moyne Commission report was suppressed for five years during the war lest the Nazis make use of the shortcomings of the great guardians of democracy. It is refreshing now to see that the long period when we were obliged to read glowing accounts of the blessings of imperialist rule and of white superiority, and the later official glossy print period of the Rockefeller Committee when everything in Latin America was so gushingly rosy, seem to be about over, and we are now given books based on the simple formula of looking for the truth and liking human beings. Blanshard has written a very thorough and important book.

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Fiction.

Modern fiction, apart from its gifts of entertainment and emotional satisfaction, has an imposing role to play. In a moment of change, when the normal and secure routine of life is disintegrating, it must explain the past and the present and give some glimpse of the future. Fiction has become one of the necessary processes of education. It satisfies our demand to know something about the world, about ourselves, and even how we might behave in abnormal situations. For example, Sinclair Lewis's "Kingsblood Royal" and Laura Hobson's "Gentleman's Agreement," though they are now descending the best-seller ladder, have already taught hundreds of thousands of readers to consider the ugly facts of racial discrimination as it may exist in their own community. From the other side of the world, H. M. Tomlinson's "Morning Light," reviewed this week, is in part autobiographical as are all his books of British seafaring and dockside life. For the full flavor of this writer's work the reader should turn back the years to his early and memorable "The Sea and the Jungle" and "London River."

Ships and Women

MORNING LIGHT. By H. M. Tomlinson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 304 pp. $3.

VESSEL OF WRATH. By Simon Gentillon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1947. 187 pp. $2.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

IT WOULD be interesting to speculate on what precise operation of Fate brought these two curiously alike, yet unlike, books to the desk simultaneously. Fate of some kind it certainly was; for Fate itself, that favorite theme of writers of sea stories from Melville to Conrad, is in both books mixed up with a ship and a woman to form the underlying point of discussion. It is perhaps not wise to insist upon this resemblance, however. If the two volumes sail from the same port, they steer courses so widely different as never to be in sight of each other, and if they arrive somewhere in the same country, it is in completely different harborages.

Mr. Gentillon's book is a much better and more closely-knit piece of work than it appears to be in the beginning; Mr. Tomlinson's is a much worse book than his technical mastery would allow him to write. Indeed, the latter is hardly a novel at all, in the ordinary usage of that term. The author has been unable to overcome the habits acquired in many years exercised in practising his profession as the prince of English essayists. The book is hopelessly episodic, the basic theme merely underlies the incidents without being illustrated, many of the characters appear and disappear for no apparent reason except that the author wishes to have a look at them, much of the action is insignificant, and the surface theme—which is the replacement of sail by steam—received a strong buildup in the first chapter, only to be lost to sight later.

These should be defects enough to condemn almost any book. Yet "Morning Light" is so utterly delightful, so completely readable, the people in it are so much alive, that one is tempted to set down the criteria normally applied to novels as professorial formalities. They certainly are as applied to this book. Long before one reaches the chapter inevitably called "London River" the reader's reaction is certain to be—who the devil cares about a connected story or the development of a central character? I'm having a good time.

The book is in fact a series of essays brought to life, with many of the essayist's observations thrown into quotation marks. Moreover the essays and observations are in Mr. Tomlinson's very best manner, than which there are few better in the world at the moment. That the book is supposed to be a historical novel and a story about a boy who ran away to sea in a moment of terror lest a really brave action be interpreted as something else, makes no particular difference. Everything in it is as timeless as the sea itself, and as convincing as the old lady who is only slightly cracked on the one subject of the return of a ship which has long ago gone down.

In contrast "Vessel of Wrath" has a faintly dated atmosphere—at least along the surface. Such observations of life and character as are offered end, as they not infrequently do in French novels, with exclamation points, implied or expressed. Most of the men in the story behave less like human beings than lay figures with phonograph attachments, and either Mr. Gentillon's or the translator's seamanship is often open to question. (Tomlinson offers another contrast here, most of the action takes place ashore, but a shore by the sea and, as always, he is nautically impeccable.)

There is a good deal of direct statement of character from the author, a poor replacement for self-revelation of character through speech and action. But to this there is one exception—the woman who wrecks everything and calls down wrath on the vessel of wrath. As an illiterate mestiza, a creature of pure impulse and emotion, she cannot be permitted to have thoughts. The result is that she is by far the most convincing character in the book, and, indeed, one of the most convincing in a good many books. Up to the moment she appears, the story has been hortatory and not very important; when she is on stage all the writer's bad habits fall away, the book becomes a unity and rushes toward its climax with a fine sense of inevitability, and a really significant picture of the struggle between the woman and the ship.

One could wish that the ending had been a little better contrived in a mechanical sense; it somehow lacks the conviction of the passage that follows the parting of Maria and the ship, which is the real ending of this short novel. Mr. Gentillon apparently also acquired habits from his earlier writing. He has done a good deal of it for the movies, and has been unable to overcome the movie habit of tying all the threads together before the curtain comes down. But he has achieved a dramatic intensity that Tomlinson lacks, and the two together remind us that there are almost as many kinds of sea as there are people and ships that sail it.

Loo and O Lud

PAMELA FOXE. By Dorothea Malm. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1947. 278 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS spirited yarn of eighteenth-century England appears just in time for late-summer vacation reading. The entire novel consists of excerpts from the "Journal of Lady Pamela Foxe, Being her Account of adventures in England, in the Colony of Massachusetts and at sea, Together with the story of her one True Love and her Reflections upon the Vicissitudes of Fortune, all the Events narrated having occurred in the Year of our

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Lord 17. . . ." Here this ancient literary device, which is pleasant in itself, has two advantages: it suggests the eighteenth century, and it mercifully restricts the narrative to Lady Pamela's own affairs and spares us the interminable period novel with its endless ramifications and repetitions.

It is straight romance. Although Lady Pamela is only twenty (the events occur in one year) and as far as we know possesses only the sketchy education of the average girl of fashion of her day, knows no Latin and less Greek, is ignorant of politics, history, social problems, etc., she composes her journal with astounding literary finesse. She tells an anecdote vividly, is both psychologist and philosopher, and a rare casuaist. As is proper in a romance, Lady Pamela's adventures are as implausible as her literary style. Excitement begins when she rashly dons cousin George's clothes and seeks evening adventure in coffee house and club. Then rapidly follow the inevitable love duels, flight across the Atlantic, adultery, wrong marriages, abduction, etc., all miraculously leading to a happy ending.

But "happy" only in the fabulous world of romance, for under the cold eye of reason both Pamela and Richard are detestable liars, cheats, and voluptuaries. They are endurable only in the factitious world of this journalist's invention. These gentry of the late eighteenth century behave or misbehave with the same abandon as those of the Restoration; virtue is absurd, truth-telling dull and often unwise—here are the morals of "Love for Love." Even Pamela's occasional freshets of remorse arise from a sense of insecurity or fear of exposure.

In fact, the ending is cynically Restoration: the deceived wife dies, the honest, cheated husband loses his calculating wife through a legal technicality, and the dissolute lovers are free to marry and live happily ever after.

This first novel of Dorothea Malm, formerly an editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and recently a short-story writer, reveals a careful study of certain aspects of eighteenth-century London—and Boston; perhaps too careful, for the age is thrust upon us in every paragraph — link men, sedan chairs, hoops, mountainous hair-dos, plum-colored velvet, White's, Ranelagh, loo, macaroni, O Lud, etc. There are more direct tokens of the age in five pages than in fifty of Fielding. Antique spelling is sensibly limited to a few typical words—"chearful," "desart," "publick." There is little attempt to picture the life of any except the well-to-do of Mayfair, other than the lively account of the precarious ocean voyage, and of the brief interlude in Boston. In Boston we meet Bessie, the New England servant, who provides the only intellectual interest in the novel. Bessie is not an English colonial but an American with commonsensical, sometimes revolutionary, attitudes towards marriage, class distinction, individualism. Unknowingly a disciple of Locke and Rousseau, she is as incredible as the other characters, but she furnishes the novel's only ideas.

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Dorothea Malm's is a nimble and well constructed novel, without . . . banalities of style . . . or tedious repetitions."

"Pamela Foxe" is a nimble and well constructed novel, without the banalities of style of "Forever Amber" or its tedious repetitions. Its small quota of coarseness is intrinsic, inevitable in the age and story, never merely gratuitous. It is the right sort of yarn for the reader whose tastes include the well-written, cynical romance.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Gilbert: "The Mikado." 2. Milton: "Lycidas." 3. Tennyson: "The Eagle." 4. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 5. Longfellow: "Wreck of the Hesperus." 6. Kipling: "Song of the Dead." 7. Miller: "Columbus." 8. Poe: "Annabel Lee." 9. Cowper: "Alexander Selkirk." 10. Byron: "Don Juan." 11. Lear: "The Jumblies." 12. Wordsworth: "Peele Castle in a Storm." 13. Shelley: "Love's Philosophy." 14. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale." 15. Arnold: "The Forsaken Merman." 16. Shakespeare: "The Tempest." 17. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 18. Masefield: "Sea-Fever." 19. Swinburne: "The Garden of Proserpine." 20. Stevenson: "Requiem."

In Dublin's Slums

LIFFEY LANE. By Maura Laverty. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1947. 231 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

ANYONE who has read Maura Laverty's first book "Never No More" is certain to remember her as an Irish writer of much natural charm. In this her fourth novel, she moves from village life in the County Kildare to the slums of Dublin, taking some of her people along with her, too. These Dubliners who live in Liffey Lane—slum on one side, middle class on the other—Miss Laverty sees and judges with a quick eye and a warm heart.

Her leading character in this new book is the slum child Chrissie Doyle, a combination of Peter Pan, the Little Match Girl, and James Stephens's charwoman's daughter. Chrissie is a small, frail embodiment of the best side of human nature. She walks down Liffey Lane, as Fred Allen moseys through Allen's Alley, delivering papers and thinking her thoughts.

This book is her story and the various stories of her neighbors. Some of it is naturalistic: Miss Lavery doesn't spare her small heroine the premature knowledge which coarsens the lives of the chiselers of families who live in one-room tenements. Some of it is as desperately gay as the fish-and-chips party in "The Informer." The rich pageantry of Dublin street life here streels and stravages behind the main action, Cut-the-Rasher begging her pennies and Danny Buckley wheezing out "The Rose of Tralee" on the melodeon for the hooley on the night of Jim and Bride's marriage.

Miss Laverty is good at getting inside people. The revery of the lame girl is a fine piece of portraiture. As Mary Morrissey remembers all the twists and turns she practises to protect herself against her lameness, as she thinks of the way she turns up early at appointments and finds ways to be the last to leave a room, we recognize all the pitiful dodgeries of the maimed. Maura Laverty also gets inside the checking clerk Sam Rooney whose grotesque fatness is his psychic bruise. Sam beats up his brother to elevate himself, and then, big in himself for once and a short time only, goes home and for once makes love to his wife without feeling grateful and apologetic. And Miss Laverty also does a fine inside job on Mattie Herlihy, the mama's boy whose mother ruined his life with prohibitions.

This young Dublin writer is a born storyteller, but she can be cloyingly

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Criticism. *Here is rich reading. Between Leo Stein's "little debauch in the realm of ideas" and Farrell's moral literature lies not only the world of American literary criticism but also two poles of American creativity. The American practice of realism in literature (exemplified by Farrell's favorite quotation from Spinoza "not to weep or laugh, but to understand") has been traditionally concerned with social consciousness. Art should be sociologically righteous, factual, objective, and useful, insists Farrell. On the contrary, replies Stein, happily: art is merely a matter of appreciation, careful but warm. The Steins betook themselves for the most part to Paris; many of their kind turned up at one time or another at that famous address, 27 Rue de Fleuris. The Farrells, on the contrary, stayed in America, grimly wrestling with the American scene. . . . Here is rich reading, because there is much to learn from both the Farrells and the Steins about art, America, and the American mind.*

—Gogo Givens.

"There are two natures struggling in James Farrell—the honest and indignant reformer and the puzzled and sensitive artist."

A Code for Art

LITERATURE AND MORALITY. By James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1947. 304 pp. $3.

Reviewed by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

IN "Literature and Morality" Mr. Farrell, who is nothing if not embattled, publishes a collection of essays and reviews. Six of these deal with Tolstoy's "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina"; and while they are sometimes very shrewd, these suffer from the pedagogical manner which is at once Mr. Farrell's weakness and his strength. We have, I think, a natural suspicion of prose that has too palpable a design upon us, and Mr. Farrell's design is palpable, indeed. He cannot discuss Tolstoy's notion of Napoleon or of the Czarist aristocracy without finding a moral lesson for our times. Napoleon is, it seems, "the last great bourgeois captain" (I had thought General Grant, a great captain, was not without his middle-class characteristics), and Mr. Farrell establishes to his own satisfaction "what cannot be established on the basis of Tolstoy's theory of history." It appears that Tolstoy's art is "*insufficient* when we seek to pose questions of interpretation."

There are fourteen other units in the book, of which six have to do with Hollywood, one is a review of George Herbert Mead, two discuss the party line in literature, one is a tribute to Dreiser, and four have to do with the avowed subject of the volume. Among the Hollywood group is an essay entitled "The Apostle of the Kingdom of Commodities," which has a lightness of touch apropos of the Hays office that, for my money, makes it more destructive than are the heavy-handed essays which surround it. Mr. Farrell, it is an open secret, does not care for Hollywood, nor does Hollywood care for him; and his scorn for the cinematic appeal to our general childishness is very pedagogical, indeed. The same didacticism colors his two essays on proletarian literature.

The four essays which properly belong under the rubric of the book's title are one on "Literature and Morality," one on "Social Themes in American Realism," one on "The Fate of Writing in America," and one on "Moral Censorship and the Ten Commandments." The massing of information in "The Fate of Writing in America," the penetration of Mr. Farrell's insight into the business conditions of publishing, and the painful sincerity of his discussion of publishers as persons and as entrepreneurs make it the best thing in the book. But its goodness does not arise from a problem of literary morality.

Intelligent readers will applaud Mr. Farrell's exposure of the naïve, literal, and disastrous "morality" of official censorship in literature and the movies, whether this is exercised by police officials, by production offices, or by publishers. I wish more writers would speak out as bravely. The only lack here is Mr. Farrell's failure to include the magazines in his survey.

But when one is asked to substitute for the moral code of the Hays office Mr. Farrell's own theory of artistic morality, one is less enthusiastic. Both here and in his novels Mr. Farrell has been moved by a savage, consuming indignation against man's inhumanity to man, the cure of which he finds in a radical reorganization of society. This means that for Mr. Farrell the "truthful" artist is a "realist," and the principal end of realism is to tell the truth about the unpleasant condition of mankind, not forgetting the snobbery and escapism of the upper classes. A moral problem in literature arises principally or only when our unsatisfactory social organization sends a character into evil practices because he is oppressed by the system, because he is an oppressor in the system, or because the operations of capitalism bring him only illusory and shallow satisfactions. Morality has two poles: individual morality and social morality, but individual morality, he argues, itself is a product of social morality or rather of a particular organization of the state.

When Mr. Farrell argues the two poles of morality, or even when he argues that social morality conditions individual morality, he is debating what most persons outside of theological organizations are not inclined to deny. And as I do not wish to stray off into the unprofitable business of arguing about capitalism, I shall confine my remarks to the quality of literary imagination conceived to be true and valid in this moral system. And the two facts that strike me most clearly in Mr. Farrell's essays and reviews are that he judges the morality of writers principally or solely in terms of their validity in the world of social reform; and that for him writing is altogether a feverish, activist affair.

When he talks about "writing" the verbs he uses are verbs connoting a high degree of emotional tension. Thus in the essay entitled "A New Literary Controversy" I find expressions like these: "When a writer faces a problem of this kind, he ought to make up his mind." Literature "is a means of working out an imaginative trial of the consciousness of man." "Serious works of literature explore . . . how men can or do live with a given set of values, attitudes, conditions of life." "Nineteenth-century literature in France reveals the tension of Frenchmen. . . ." Artists must write out "these contradictions in their creative work." Artists "must write out of their own tensions."

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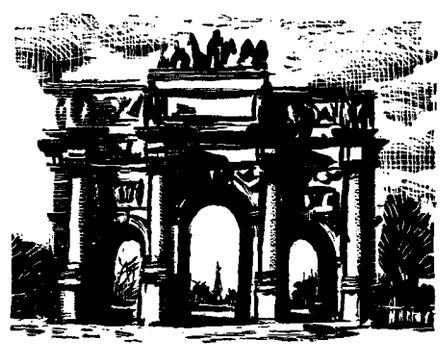
"Writing must become a process of self-discovery." "Before we can speak clearly to others about human emotions, about values, one must struggle and fight for inner clarity." And so on.

Some writers—Nietzsche is an example and so, in another way, is Mark Twain—live up to this formula, which describes one kind of literary workman. But the "tension" Mr. Farrell postulates is not always present in writers, nor is it always the kind of "tension" he describes it as being; and to demand of writers that they must forever explore themselves or struggle for clarity or write out of "contradictions," all against or within a framework of social morality wherein to be "truthful" is to be "realistic" about society—is not this to come back by another route to that narrow view of morals against which Mr. Farrell elsewhere rightly protests? The chief difference between the Hays office and Mr. Farrell is that the Hays office demands that art shall be theologically and conventionally righteous and Mr. Farrell demands that it shall be sociologically and psychologically righteous.

Mr. Farrell is nothing if not a reformer. Indeed, it is precisely because he wants to reserve for the reformer the largest possible area of useful activity that he is honorably struggling to end censorship and warning us against the sedative quality of commercialized art. He finds a good deal of misery about him, the world is in a bad way, and he thinks books ought to lead men to do something useful about this sorry situation. I think they ought. But the kind of good that books will do is not that present good Mr. Farrell is passionately calling us to achieve. Indeed, it seems to me Mr. Farrell has got himself into an awkward position. His valuable argument against the Hays office notion of morality is that pictures do not have that immediate influence the code assumes; that is, a movie picturing adultery does not lead us to rush out of the theatre and break the commandment. Yet Mr. Farrell's thinking about literary morality is that literature is an immediate social instrument of reform. I do not say this is quite just to him, for there are two natures struggling in Mr. Farrell—the honest and indignant reformer who wants to get something done immediately, and the puzzled and sensitive artist, who knows that literature is not a mirror (despite "Hamlet") held up to society in order that society may go wash its dirty face. But I have tried to state what I conceive to be the heart of his position.

The "truthful" theory of "realism," the reform theory, the theory that makes the ultimate question of a work of art: what is its immediate utility as an aid to social change—all this leaves out too much. It leaves out the artist like Jane Austen, who was content to get along without a theory of Napoleon or a theory of aristocracy but who nevertheless was one of the greatest novelists in English. It leaves out a poet like Dryden, whose morality of social change was lamentable, but whose honesty of craftsmanship is a perpetual lesson and an unfailing delight. If it has a place for Dante, who wanted to reform Italy, it has no place for the melancholy serenity of Virgil, who most emphatically did not want to reform anything but whom nevertheless Dante made his guide in the "Divine Comedy." It has its place for Balzac, but it has no place for Boccaccio, even though Balzac was a reactionary and even though Boccaccio has been accused of hinting at social change. Nothing is more revealing than Mr. Farrell's discussion of Henry James's "Daisy Miller" in showing what his theory leaves out. "Daisy Miller" is, for Mr. Farrell, a kind of female democrat facing a dual danger in an aristocratic society —loss of virginity and threat of "violating the code of etiquette of her social class." Some of us had thought it was a delicate study in comprehension.

Indeed, Mr. Farrell shows how narrow is the range in which a good many modern "critics" move, how monotonous is their literary fare, how much they narrow their audiences by perpetually revolving the same few points. Literature for them is something put together by "serious-minded writers" and it must have a message for "our time." But is there no place for humor, charm, and grace? Are these merely bourgeois characteristics, merely a form of genteel escapism for the upper classes? Mr. Farrell's picture of the artist is, in a sense too neurasthenic, too morbid, too much like that painted by romanticism. It makes me shudder to condemn men to literature if his is the only way a moral literature can be produced. The serene Goethe, though he had his youthful period of storm, did not operate according to Mr. Farrell's principles; yet he became the wisest literary man the nineteenth century produced—that century Mr. Farrell likes to explore.



I wish most emphatically to be just to Mr. Farrell, whose zeal for goodness is excellent, who has the courage to talk about righteousness in a corrupt and evil time. I am open from his point of view to the charge of being a sinful member of the bourgeoisie. I think he is right to cry out in the market place against Hollywood, against commercialism, against vanity. But a world, if he will forgive me, for which he selected the books would be a very dull world, indeed. I am not persuaded by his diagnosis of the relation among morality, literature, and reform, and if Hollywood and commercialism and vanity are threats, so, I must think, sociological righteousness is also a threat to the life and spirit of great art.

A Little Debauch

APPRECIATION: PAINTING, POETRY & PROSE. By Leo Stein. New York: Crown Publishers. 1947. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

THE WORLD of arts and letters suffered an irreparable loss on Tuesday, July 29, when Leo Stein, author and art critic, died in his villa outside of Florence. Leo Stein may not have been quite the world-renowned figure that his famous sister Gertrude Stein was; but he will be long remembered by the discriminating for his brilliant essays on Ruskin, Rembrandt, Ryder, and Renoir; his book, "The A B C of Esthetics," published in 1927; and now this last engaging, valuable work, "Appreciation."

Criticism of the arts has always required a certain perspicacity, honesty, and courage. But we are rarely so fortunate in this stereotyped age to find any persons invested with all three qualities. Leo Stein, however, proves to be one of those rare exceptions. After reading his clear, straight-forward views here on painting, poetry, and prose, we begin to wonder how we ever got along in our reading of criticism in the past without him. His sane judgment and rich humor make us feel we are in the presence of the unassailable truth. And when we read what Leo Stein has to say on truth we know it to be

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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In Defense of Women

IN JANUARY of this year *The Saturday Review* called its readers' attention to the widespread attack in popular magazines and in books against the American woman in almost every aspect of her life. It was astonishing that more than ten years after the total collapse of militant feminism, after many of its aging leaders had publicly recanted, a revival of women's interest in their status in society should be obligatory unless they were willing to submit to losing the place they had won through the years and especially their recent gains in salaries and in positions in industry and business. It is useless now to recapitulate the sources of this unexpected attack which ranged from ridicule to downright abuse. The American woman was charged and found guilty of being an inadequate mate for her husband, an extravagant burden on her family, a poor housekeeper, a neurotic and undependable worker outside the home, a mother responsible for sons who would be 4-F's in any man's army. Some of this heavy barrage of criticism had stemmed from Philip Wylie's "Generation of Vipers," for his telling phrase "momism" had caught on, as if it were the popular name for a new and infectious disease. The most difficult attacks to answer came from the writings of psychiatrists who had studied with alarm the increasing evidence of psychoneurotic disturbances among women and especially "career women," that is, women who worked outside the home and who were making a success of it.

It was possible to view this outburst of hostility against American women with some skepticism. Wars have always advanced the cause of women, since their cooperation and labor become during wartime a primary necessity. When the war is over, like Thomas Atkins, the common British soldier in Kipling's poem, they are no longer praised as "'eroes"; they are slapped back to where they came from; but never all the way back. This time women were to be sent back home, to a mythical, comfortable home they had recklessly abandoned, or more specifically to the kitchen. The repeated statement of economists that women in America now owned about two-thirds of the wealth of the country may have had something to do with this sudden hostility. Suppose they began to wish to control this wealth instead of merely becoming the spender of the dividends that came from it!

There seemed to be valid reasons for a concerted anti-feminist campaign based on more solid grounds than their newly discovered and multifarious inadequacies. The American woman also appeared to be defenseless when led, without defending counsel, to the bar of public opinion. With the exception of a few, scattered magazine articles, notably "The Woman Question," by Dorothy Sayres, in January *Vogue*, there was almost no reply to this attempt to send women back where they came from.

In three months there was a change as startling as the rapidity with which the attack had been delivered. Today the discussion for and against women has spread from books and magazines into newspapers and radio. The indictment of American mothers has been answered by the statement that fathers who refuse to accept their share of the discipline and education of their sons are equally to blame for the quality of their offspring. The "career woman" turns out on investigation to be a young or middle-aged woman who can support herself or who, if she has a family, is finally able to take over the responsibility for keeping her home intact. The housewife, a blanket word to which millions of women are beginning to object, emerges better than might have been expected in a recent Town Hall broadcast syndicated in the press throughout the country. Aside from her maternal functions, it turns out that she is on the whole making a pleasant home for her husband, carrying on the social life necessary for his well-being, and contributing her spare time to local educational and charitable enterprises. Financial considerations are coming to the rescue of the woman with a good job. The plain fact is that most women must soon assume a share of home economics if they are to have any security at all. A man may be fortunate to leave his wife what used to be a large sum of money; today with inheritance and other taxes and with less than a three per cent return from invested capital, his wife may find herself dependent on family charity or on the lucky chance of another marriage. A woman, if she has any sense, must keep whatever talent she has for making money alive if she possibly can do so. Since that is not an easy task, the attempt to discourage them as wage earners, in or out of the home, is bad economics and bad logic. The fact that there are presumed to be some twenty million idle American women under forty-five who are not taking care of children over eighteen has little to do with the case. Time and taxes will take charge of that.

That American women are restless, supposedly unhappy in whatever circumstances they are placed, that more of them than ever need psychiatric attention is one of the major themes of the new anti-feminism. The answer is that we are living in a changing world where it is difficult for man or woman to be carefree and happy at a time when there is literally no lasting security or certain refuge from anxiety, except a cheerful spirit, a reasonable philosophy of life, and a calm acceptance of what may come, bulwarked by one's own consistent efforts to create a resistant and self-sufficient personality.

This is a dangerous time in the history of America to undermine the confidence of over half our adult population in their contribution to our common life. However false are the conclusions that women's detractors make, there is unfortunately enough truth in them to attain this dismal result, if they remain unchallenged. To be sure, many working women are unhappy and are accumulating neuroses that are the despair of the psychiatrists. Marriage itself—that final refuge which used to be considered the be-all and the end-all of a woman's responsibilities—is becoming a reed on which no woman can lean without the uneasy feeling that it may some day break. The women of America, young and old, must have confidence in themselves and in their destiny. If the attacks on them do not break down of their own weight, anti-feminism must be met by a concerted feminist crusade having little relation to that of twenty-five years ago, based on a jealousy of men and an attempt to be their rivals. The new feminism may demand not successful rivalry but full partnership in the economic and political world, as well as in the domestic sphere which is woman's natural habitat. H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Bystanders" Aftermath

SIR: Many *SRL* readers are probably wondering why the two perpetrators of the attack several months ago on E. S. Cooper in Iowa City have gone unpunished.

This is a natural reaction, but I am sure if they know the facts, they will realize that this is a complex case, and not simply a matter of two young men attacking a Jewish person.

One must understand the personality, the attitudes, and the very high moral principles of the victim of this attack. Mr. Cooper has persistently refused to cooperate with both university and police authorities in bringing the attackers to justice. He takes the long-range view that justice must be done, not through prisons and reform schools, but through the schools, the universities, the home, and the church.

He stands by these convictions despite the fact that virtually the whole city, both local newspapers, and indeed, the entire press of the state of Iowa believes that he has the obligation to prosecute.

You may well wonder why, since the *Daily Iowan* has published an interview with a former University of Iowa student who admits being a party to the attack, the attackers have not been arrested. Their identity is well known to local police and the county attorney.

One of the young men is in town and we understand has agreed to remain in town. But his companion on the night of the attack has fled. Authorities have hesitated to arrest the man known to be in town for fear it would tip off his companion and make his arrest that much more difficult.

But even should this boy return, local lawyers seem to feel that chances of obtaining conviction on any charge greater than disturbing the peace are extremely unlikely without the active cooperation of Mr. Cooper. They say that any indictment on charges of assault, or assault with intent to do great bodily injury would almost surely fail unless the chief witness, Mr. Cooper himself, were anxious to take the stand and press charges..

In any event, we now need Mr. Cooper's help. I wonder how readers of *SRL* feel about this question. Perhaps if enough of them would write to him, we might be able to persuade him that society's interest supersedes even his own high convictions as they concern ultimate guilt. (Letters sent to me at the address below will be forwarded to Mr. Cooper.)

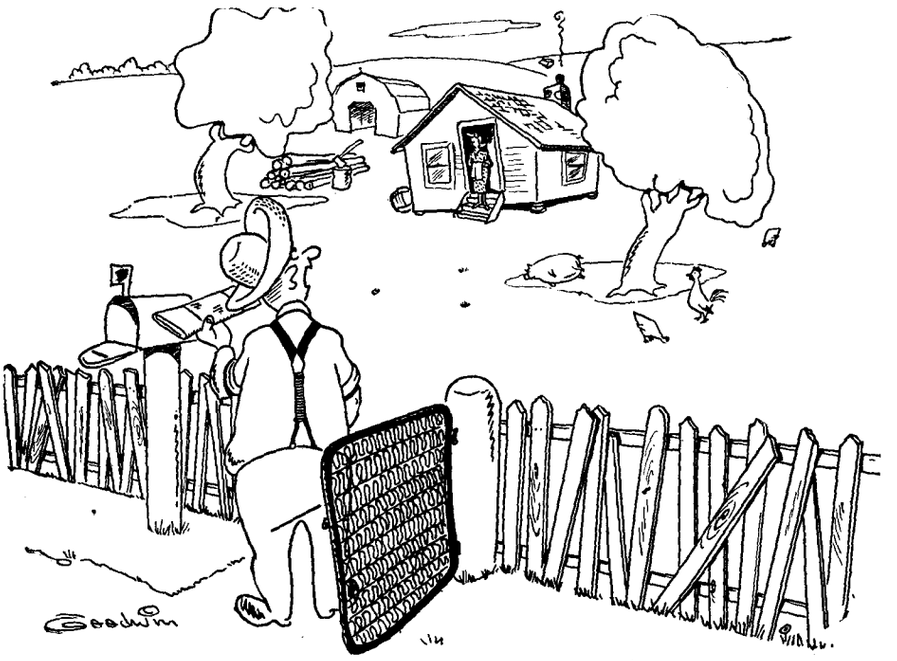
R. BRUCE HUGHES.
Editor, *Daily Iowan.*
Iowa City, Iowa

SIR: Please have reprints made immediately of Norman Cousins's article, "Bystanders Are Not Innocent" [*SRL*, Aug. 2]. I believe a tremendous amount of good could be accomplished by a wholesale distribution of reprints of this article.

I certainly want to order enough to distribute to everyone I know. If every reader of *The Saturday Review* would do this, it would help immeasurably to arouse the "bystanders" of this country to constructive action for the good of all.

Another thought comes to my mind. Perhaps the *Review* could interest one of this country's philanthropists in financing such a project. If each reader of the *Review* would send in a list of all his friends, relatives, and acquaintances, a copy of the article could be sent together with a request for such a list from each of them. I realize this would be a tremendous undertaking, but the need is overwhelming and we had better not hesitate to do whatever is necessary.

GRACE PROVOST BULBOACA.
Lewisburg, Pa.



"Nothing but a seed catalogue and your copy of *Town and Country.*"

Jung and the Nazis

SIR: Philip Wylie's latest book, "An Essay on Morals," was extensively advertised as based on the theories of Dr. Carl G. Jung. It is a depressing fact that those who reviewed the book for New York publications chose not to mention Mr. Wylie's diluted admissions concerning Dr. Jung's tie-up with the Nazis.

Fully aware that there has been more than a mere reluctance to make public the record of Dr. Carl G. Jung's collaboration with the Nazis, Mr. Wylie has fervently continued his efforts to restore his "friend and mentor" to good standing in the United States. In his syndicated weekly column of June 14, which appeared in New York in the *Post*, Wylie went so far as to advise that "A Dose of Jung Might Help Congress." One of those who protested was Dr. Clara Thompson, Executive Director of the New York Division of The William Alanson White Institute of Psychiatry. In her letter to the editor—a copy of which is in this writer's possession—Dr. Thompson stated:

> It is well known that Jung was the editor of a Hitler-sponsored psychoanalytic publication in Germany. Since he is a Swiss citizen and did not have to live in Germany, he obviously did not have to accept this position under any pressure or threats. It must have been an expression of his own interests. Also, the fact that he sponsored race prejudice in various ways can be documented from his writings.

Now Mr. Wylie has renewed his campaign for Dr. Carl G. Jung with letters which have been published in such widely read publications as *The Saturday Review of Literature* (issue of July 12) and *Life* (issue of July 14). Perhaps Philip Wylie, a writing swashbuckler, could be induced to reply to the detailed charges against Dr. Carl G. Jung which this writer has openly made in a series of articles in the *Protestant* during the past year.

Since Mr. Wylie pleads so earnestly for logic and reason, he should always bear in mind that his inspirer, Dr. Carl G. Jung, was an open, consistent advocate of irrationalism. For instance, in the American version of his article titled "Wotan" [*SRL* Oct. 16, 1937] one of Dr. Jung's many strange declarations was:

> He is still Wotan, a basic element of the German soul, an *irrational* psychic factor, a storm-wind which destroys and sweeps away the pretensions of civilizations. In spite of their illogicality, *the worshippers of Wotan appear to have judged more wisely than the wor-*

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shippers of Reason. (Italics are the writer's).

In his column in the *New York Post* of July 5 Mr. Wylie declared, "For, contrary to the famous slogan, the person who tells you when your breath is bad is your best friend." The writer of this letter is of the opinion that Philip Wylie's breath is indeed bad.

ALBERT D. PARELHOFF.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Charges of pro-fascism and anti-Semitism made against Carl Jung show a combination of prejudice and failure to understand his work. The use of excerpts out of context does not constitute technically permissible argument. By such a method, the Holy Writ could be shown to be the work of Satan. And for excised sentences, any writer could be damned. To disagree with a man you must first understand him; but accusation, like suit-at-law, merely requires a bad temper.

Jung is not a Nazi. Naïve readers have misconstrued his discussions of the leader-follower instincts of *unindividuated* men as fascistic. They have similarly taken fright at his use of Wotan to illustrate his basic thesis: that animal instincts have been transmuted by man into legends—and into heroes and gods who personify instinctual compulsions. Jung has used Wotan repeatedly because he is a Swiss with a German education. If he were American, he might have used Paul Bunyan or Popeye—and the accusation of fascism would fall flat.

In common with every important European psychologist, Jung had papers published by German scientific periodicals during the rise of Hitler. If that constitutes Nazism, then all persons who maintained German affiliations in the early '30's are Nazi —which means most American big business men and many American statesmen.

At my home in Madison, Connecticut, in 1937, in the presence of several witnesses, Jung gave a brilliant diagnosis of madness in the Nazi leaders, man by man—a horrified appraisal of their ideological insanities—and a prediction of their debacle. Such charges as that he "recanted a Nazi viewpoint after the war" are pure slander—and I could dig up signed testimony to prove it if I felt this "case" important.

Charges that Jung is anti-Semitic are both pernicious and pathetic. Jung has said that the psychology of Jews is "different" from that of other people, and some Jews are so sensitive to any claim of "difference" that they have not examined the nature of Jung's words. He attributed the "difference" to their ancient archetypes and their innocent birth under the blighting environment of Gentile hatred. He has diagnosed that hatred for the evil it is. Thus his abstraction is, if anything, anti-Gentilism. Jung has paid constant tribute to the great Jew who was his mentor, Sigmund Freud, although Freud vehemently attacked Jung the moment he carried psychological speculation beyond dogmatic Freudianism. The nature of Jung's basic premise (which refers to the relations of *all* religions to reason, of logic to *all* faiths) is such as to preclude racial and negatively-religious emotionalism. One who understands Jung's train of thought can no more be anti-Semitic than Einstein could be opposed to algebra.

Mr. Parelhoff and all similar-minded persons ought to inform themselves of other, similarly "documented" charges which have been leveled at Jung, such as, that Jung is himself a Jew, bent upon a psychological domination of the world—or that he is a Communist. Well-read persons will have encountered charges of certain clergymen, to the effect that Jung is "anti-Christ," and of various materialists, to the effect that Jung is trying to found a new "Christian mysticism." There is, patently, no basis in such antithetical claims—although Jung has written more absorbingly about Jesus than any other modern author.

My own neglect to refute the charges of anti-Semitism and pro-fascism in "An Essay on Morals"

evoked from Dr. Jung a bitter denunciation. Mr. Parelhoff taunts me with this neglect—as more, indirect "evidence" of prejudice in Jung. Jung condemned me because he was well aware I knew the falsity of such calumny. (It is, incidentally, the only exception Dr. Jung has taken to my various expositions and applications of his psychology.) I replied to Dr. Jung what I believed to be wise: to take up an ignorantly-thrown gage is a waste of energy. That is not intellectual arrogance but a mixture of common sense and self-respect. My endeavor has been to avoid grain-by-grain counter-heckling and to try to draw attention to Jung's main thesis.

This—like all major and original ideas—is based upon, and produces, data which seem inscrutable when taken alone. The Theory of Relativity, for another example, solved many enigmas and paradoxes and also provided many true but unfamiliar new facts. Jung's concept, in the long run, will stand until some still wider comprehension replaces it—or fall under the criticism of men who thoroughly appreciate it. It will not yield to amateurs who fail to see its meaning and merely rail at deliberately dismembered bits of it. At present, there are very few persons in America capable of a clear exposition of Jungian hypothesis and not any capable of criticizing it on its own terms. So it is faintly futile to set up an intellectual defense against such parlous and anxious claims as those of Mr. Parelhoff.

His attack is too superficial, too childish. He picks out a heading over one of my newspaper columns, for example, and denounces it. But the heading was written by the editor, not by me. He finds a phrase—then guesses, embroiders, invents, insinuates. It is silly.

The great "feud" over Jung is professional, and different. Freudians, following Freud, have blindly rejected Jung's theories and often sought to discredit him by fair means or foul. To Behaviorists, Jung's elaboration of instinct is inadmissible on its face. And to all those misty-minded persons who believe humanity is by nature purely humane, Jung's monumental exhibition of the reality and power of instinct sounds "illiberal." Jung, a thinker whose profundity has won world recognition, is under no obligation to trim his conclusions to fit the peeves, politics, or predilections of Mr. Parelhoff. Jung offers a majestic formulation of the very causes of all that Mr. Parelhoff detests: fascism and race hatred. When Jung's critics and detractors begin to discuss that formulation learnedly, the only possible true "controversy" will then begin.

Mr. Parelhoff has made one further blunder by insinuating I somehow share the prejudices of which he ignorantly accuses Jung: he must be totally unaware of my work—of my ceaseless public attacks upon all anti-Semites and my long record of anti-fascist activity. For five years I have been the chief popular exponent of Jung's psychology in this country, and for a dozen years an earnest student of the subject. In this period, my democratic beliefs and humanitarian ideas have been both clarified and intensified. So there is either a horrid flaw in Parelhoff's reasoning, or else I must be far too incompetent to put one readable word after another. As evidence, I submit my own work—*taken as a whole!*

PHILIP WYLIE.

Asheville, N. C.

Oops!

SIR: Does one merit any extra points by discovering mistakes of the quizzer? That is the only way that I could pass some, indeed, most, of the tests. In the issue of July 5, "Aurora Leigh" is attributed to George Eliot and in the July 12 issue, the enclosing of Brunnhilde in the fire ring is placed in "Siegfried." Apologies to Mrs. Browning; and "Siegfried" deals with the release from the fire ring, "Die Walküre" having got her into that fix.

KENT KNOWLTON.

West Medway, Mass.

"Manners Maketh Man"

SIR: I think your editorial "Manners Maketh Man" [*SRL* July 26] is the finest thing I have seen in many a day, and I want to put it in the hands of my children, and to keep it for my children's children.

SAM LIPSCOMB.

Beaumont, Tex.

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Poetry.

In the quarter century which has passed since World War I poetry has sloughed off something of both its extravagances and its effulgence. To an extent, it has abated its concentration on the naturalistic and the commonplace and returned to its classical concern with emotion and beauty. Nevertheless, now as then it finds interest in the so-called prosaic, and now as then the metaphysical and the intellectual are marked characteristics of our verse. It is an interesting question which Gerald P. Meyer raises in his review of "The Sun My Monument," by Laurie Lee, as to whether the British poets more than their American fellows have returned to what "in revered local poetic circles, should be clearly 'old hat'." Interesting also are Robert Hillyer's strictures on the obscure and the tortured in Louis O. Coxe's "The Sea Faring and Other Poems," a volume in which with certain faults that he considers very much of the present he finds a great deal noteworthy and beautiful.

Washed in Happy Air

THE SUN MY MONUMENT. By Laurie Lee. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1947. 87 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

THE war years saw in Britain (as they did in some of the Dominions, notably Australia) the rise of a number of "little magazines," among which Cyril Connolly's *Horizon* and John Lehmann's *Penguin New Writing* are best known on this side of the Atlantic. Laurie Lee has published poems in both these periodicals, as well as in the BBC magazine, *The Listener*, and in at least two anthologies of the newer verse; but "The Sun My Monument" is his first book publication. Mr. Lee is to be congratulated on the ready acceptance of his first book on these shores; and the American public for poetry now has another measure by which to appraise the new post-Auden generation of English poets.

Is there a greater freshness in the English air than here? At least, Mr. Lee dares to produce poetry that, by one of the standards now revered in local poetic circles, should be clearly "old hat." For example, he boldly packs his work with country, rather than urban, images. Is it that "England's green and pleasant land" provides greater justification for pastoral poetry than the less embraceable American countryside? Though, indeed, he has left his native Cotswolds:

O the wild trees of my home,
forests of blue dividing the pink moon,
the iron blue of those ancient branches
with their berries of vermilion stars,

with their fields ("that place of steep meadows"), he never really leaves them:

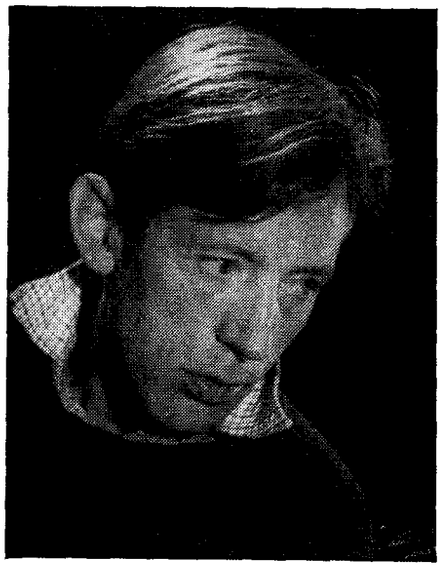
But here I have lost
the dialect of your hills,
my tongue has gone blind
far from their limestone roots.

When he writes of war, too, does he write more easily because his British audience, knowing the impact of war first hand, does not require the conscious strain of the poet's imagination to make the described experience its own?

Fruit is falling in the city
blowing a woman's eyes and fingers
across the street among the bones
of boys who could not speak their love.

Both the pastoral note and the ruined city assume an immediacy in the poems of this British writer that they can hardly possess for the self-conscious American poet.

He is an unashamed romantic, too. What poet of genuine talent in this country today would dare to write a line like "A boy is shot with England in his brain"? The sentiment of this is dangerously close to sentimentality. But, again, sentiment no less than romanticism is an old and honored part of the English literary scene. So we may accept this as a true report of an English war mood,



"Laurie Lee's sentiment [is] close to sentimentality, but sentiment is an honored part of the English literary scene."

even though we remember that between Rupert Brooke and Laurie Lee there was a Wilfred Owen.

In England, too—and this is a more universal note—death and war are still challenged by their eternal unconquerable enemy, love: love not only for the Wolds, not only for England, but love for a woman:

Let me with vaporizing breath
speak to my woman, while the frost
makes up a grim metallic bed
for me, and summer's broken head.

There is hardly a poem in "The Sun My Monument" from which love is wholly absent.

Withal, the style is of our time—for Laurie Lee has not "snorted in the seven sleepers' den" while modern poetry has been aborning. His association with advance-guard publications is one warrant of that. Another is his constant use of the metaphysical image. Now the metaphysical image, so popular today, is not simply a fashionable trick—though it can be, and has been, employed as such. The metaphysical image, which by violent shocking linking together of disparate objects makes us see resemblances and harmonies "that never were on sea or land," is *direct statement by metaphor:* that is, the metaphor is organic, structural—it more than advances the thought, it *embodies* the thought. By metaphor things are said which could not be said otherwise; and the emotion supplies the fusing force that brings far-fetched things together to make the new harmony.

The fact that Laurie Lee, who in another age might have been simply a pleasant pastoral poet, is writing metaphysical poetry, need not be charged to fashion. The background for metaphysical poetry is conflict, and we are certainly living in an age of many conflicts. The supreme metaphysical poet is supremely aware of the world about him—and within. Let it be said that Mr. Lee seems to be fully conscious of the world's disharmony, and the necessity to resolve the disorder. His weakness, *as a poet*, crops up in the impulse to find a resolution for these conflicts outside of poetry; a laudable impulse, but alien to the muse. Human love, and even love of humanity (as in "The Long War," where he writes:

But as our twisted arms embrace
the desert where our cities stood,
death's family likeness in each face
must show, at last, our brotherhood)

may stimulate, animate poetry, but provide no resolution within the poem. Paradoxically—and this is a conclusion which the poet may protest—there is greater promise of poetic health in the unpleasant but meta-

(*Continued on page* 30)

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

SO GOES THE NATION

OXFORD, ME.

SAID the summer visitor to the Maine farmer, "You certainly get some peculiar people around here." Said the Maine farmer, "It's all right, lady, they'll all be gone by Labor Day."

With this old chestnut State of Mainers like to disavow any sentimentality over the million-odd visitors the state draws inside its borders each summer. Right about now the indigenes are putting the wraps on what has been a satisfactory, if not exceptional season. All during July and August the peculiar people crowded the beaches from Ogunquit to Penobscot Bay. They rocked away many an evening on the porch of the Summit Springs Hotel, watching the lights of Lewiston twinkle twenty miles away. Across the valley at Poland Springs, they plied themselves with the famous water and packed away the good food. Cracked the train-master at Danville Junction as visitors boarded the southbound trains tanned and well-fed, "House ought to charge 'em dollar for every pound they're takin' away they didn't have when they come."

But this season anyone who could come away from a resort with an extra pound that hadn't cost him well over a dollar was ahead of the game. At one lakeside restaurant two fried eggs cost seventy-five cents. "Why not?" asked the waitress, "they're eighty-four cents a dozen."

Actually all of Maine's million do not go home by Labor Day, and those who come late will find prices more moderate. The end of August is the end of the seashore season, but Maine's 2,500 lakes are warm enough for swimming until October. As soon as the water turns cold the land-locked salmon and the trout come bubbling up from the bottom and the fishing season is on. Maine has hundreds of fishing and hunting camps with rates from five dollars to twelve dollars daily depending on how de luxe you would like to rough it. Many camps have planes which fly sportsmen to outlying lakes otherwise unreachable. Guides cost eight to ten dollars a day and these gentlemen will show you and row you, cook your catch, and bake you biscuits. The food in the main camps is heavy, wholesome, plain, and abundant. Meals are known as breakfast, dinner, and supper with an even-money chance of getting pie for all three. Dinner and supper differ only in the time they are served, and both consist of thick soups, meat, vegetables, potatoes, and pie—to say nothing of hot biscuits, hot bread, and hot doughnuts. Saturday nights you can be assured of brown bread and beans baked in the ground.

If you get around to doing any fishing the license costs $1.65 for three days, $3.15 for fifteen days, and the permits are available at the camps. Inland fishing is over September 30, and the hunting season starts the next day. Maine's biggest deer season is expected this year, a fact attested by the number of animals spotted by fishermen this spring. It will cost you $10.15 to shoot birds in Maine, and an extra five dollars if you want to hunt deer—one buck or doe to a customer. There is open season on bear or bob-cat and the state pays you a bounty of ten dollars for the skin of either provided it is reasonably fresh. One Maine lad recently set a trap, caught a bob-cat which, under the stress of the situation, promptly gave birth to five bob-kittens. Total take: $60.

Autumn is also mountain climbing season in Maine which has eleven mountains over 4,000 feet and over a hundred above 3,000 feet. Highest is Mt. Katahdin which some publicity man has ordained as the "first point in the U. S. on which the sun shines."

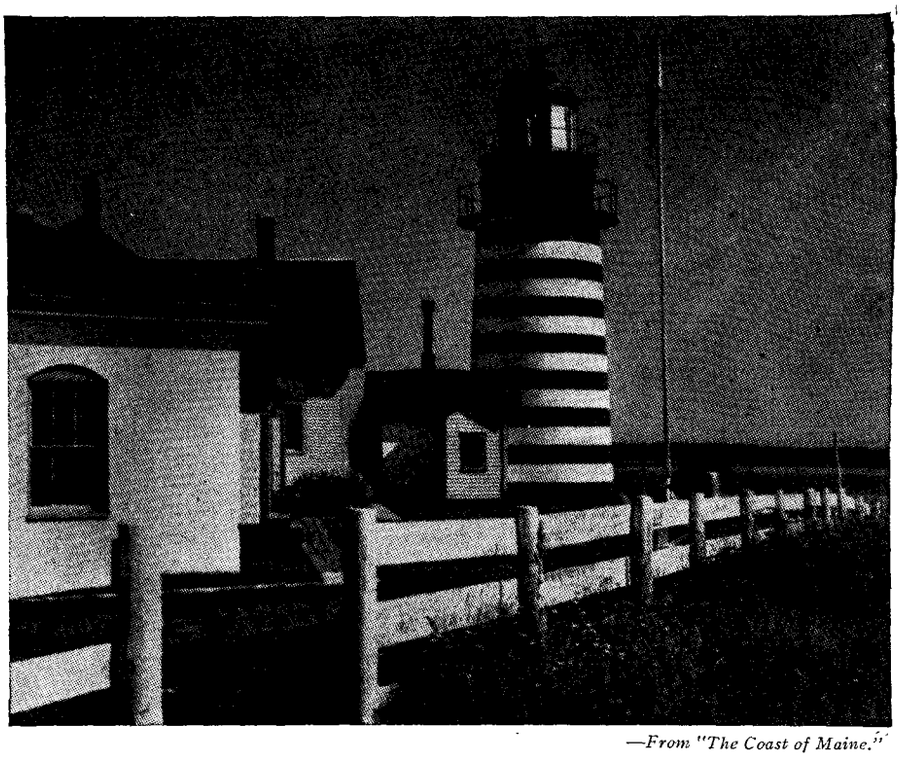
Round about now most every grange will be holding a harvest supper. Menu: beans, brown bread, cole slaw, home-made pickles, home-smoked ham, pumpkin pie, apple pie, squash pie, and gingerbread with whipped cream. "Don't expect any seasoning," a Maine lady says, "I figure I've used the same box of pepper for the past twenty years." Here in the land of the laconics, the conversation is equally unsalted. We greeted a Maine farmer of our acquaintance on this our first trip to the state in seven years. "Hello, Basil," we said, "don't you remember us?" "Hi-yee," he said with some acknowledgment. Then in answer to the query he added a quick, "Ay-yup!" That took care of the years of war, nuclear fission, and the peace. beyond. HORACE SUTTON.

Coffin Maineiac

YANKEE COAST. By Robert P. Tristam Coffin. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 333 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by OWEN BREWSTER

THE MAINE Coast is Coffin at his best. How much of it is coast and how much of it is Coffin even the most abandoned Maineiac must sometimes ponder. But Mrs. Brewster believes, with the simple faith of an early savage (reared on the coast of Maine), that Coffin ate ten or more lobsters at a single sitting, and who am I, a mere denizen of the back-



—From "The Coast of Maine."

All summer "the peculiar people crowded the beaches from Ogunquit to Penobscot Bay."

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woods, to question. Coffin and his poetry, and his no less poetic prose, are indigenous to the coast of Maine which has been waiting for a thousand years for someone to do it justice.

Here is a complete refutation that Maine is merely a land of "tourist and 'taters'." Here is Maine at its royal, scintillating best, entering somewhat late the competition with all the other storied regions of the world. Each year a million Americans vote (with Coffin) to take their restoration from the hurly-burly of life in the glades of Maine rather than risk a so-called winter vacation in Florida or California. The sparkling, fog-kissed, saw-toothed, pine-clad coast of Maine is the answer to the yearnings of every person for the simple, sincere realities of life. And the personification of those sincerities are the men and women of the Maine coast and its myriad islands whom we see through the devoted and devout eyes of Robert Coffin.

Owen Brewster, the present Senator, former Governor of Maine, has been in Congress since 1935 and in the past has been prominently identified with travel legislation.

Soul's Content

MAINE WAYS. By Elizabeth Coatesworth. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1947. 213 *pp.* $2.75.

ALONG THE MAINE COAST. By W. N. Wilson and Dorothy Mitchell. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 97 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HODDING CARTER

TO INCURABLE Maineiacs (including this reviewer) the only bad books about Maine would be those which had the temerity to criticize it.

But these two little volumes meet far higher standards than that, and they complement each other perfectly. "Maine Ways," by a delighted and delightful observer, catches the sturdiness, the humor, and the assurance of the people, while "Along the Maine Coast" pairs W. N. Wilson's incomparable sea- and landscapes (seven in color) with Dorothy Mitchell's walking tour chronicle to give the scenic and historic seacoast its due.

"Maine Ways" is made up of numerous anecdotal essays that skip pleasantly from present to past and back again; and though Elizabeth Coatesworth is a sensitive observer of the beauty of her Chimney Farm countryside, she is more absorbed in the people who are her friends and neighbors and predecessors. You come away from "Maine Ways," whether you have lived a lifetime there or are planning only a week's vacation, with a feeling of envious acquaintanceship. It is as if you had spent the day hearing Elizabeth Coatesworth tell stories about people you had just met or whom you recollect discovering in some far less intimate book.

"Along the Maine Coast" is three hundred miles of artistic observation and historical narrative, presented in an incredible ninety-seven pages; and though the understandable brevity with which it introduces each village and cove and harbor from Kittery to Eastport might be challenged by devotees who want a full chapter for their own small paradises, it is amazingly full and fair and so unlike the guidebooks. Two of Mr. Wilson's seascapes, Bald Head Cliff and Monhegan Island, alone make this a book to buy and keep; and the profusion of smaller illustrations brings realization that not only artists but ordinary folk have good reason for placing the Maine seacoast in a special category of soul content.

But after you buy these satisfying little books, remember one thing as you seek out their locales. Don't tell those of us who cling to the Camden Hills along Penobscot Bay that you think Wiscasset or Christmas Cove or Mount Desert Island deserve comparison. Our angry reaction will be precisely that of those unfortunates who, having picked such spots a little less near to heaven, might overhear you giving the nod to Castine or Cundy's Harbor or Biddeford Pool.

Hodding Carter is the editor of the Delta Democrat-Times *and 1946 Pulitzer Prize winner and author of the forthcoming novel "Flood Crest." A Mississippi liberal, he spends each summer at his home in Rockport, Me.*

Also About Maine

Trending Into Maine. By Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday. 1945. 421 pp. $3. (Sixteen essays of the vacationland, the ships, the potatoes.)

* * *

Nine-Mile Bridge. By Helen Hamlin. New York: Norton. 233 pp. $2.75. (The game-warden's daughter and three years in the Maine woods.)

* * *

The Maine Idea. By Keith Jennison. New York: Harcourt, Brace. 1943. 89 pp. $2.50. (Some nice photographs vis-à-vis unfortunate wisecracks of alleged local origin.)

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Philosophy.

Some fairly remarkable men who have worked in or thought about government, among them Aristotle and Jefferson, have emphasized that democracy could not be imposed upon peoples not yet ready for it. T. D. Weldon's "States and Morals" reaffirms the thesis in terms of modern morality. The world of contemporary thought and interests further defines the idea: Ruth Benedict, anthropologist, underlines for us, in her "Patterns of Culture," the significance of differing customs and moralities the world over. Man's spirit is prominent in Toynbee's horizon-searching "A Study of History." A revived interest in ethics, morality, the possibilities of spirit is revealed, for instance, by the best-selling popularity of "Human Destiny," Lecomte du Noüy's affirmation of faith in "the high destiny of man." W. T. Stace, our reviewer, is himself the author of "The Destiny of Western Man."

The "Moral" Compact

STATES AND MORALS. By T. D. Weldon. *New York: Whittlesey House.* 1947. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by W. T. STACE

THIS should be a very valuable book. Its theme is ideological differences between states. The author's final advice as to how to avoid such differences leading to war is, in this reviewer's opinion, so wise that the book ought to be studied by all statesmen, by all those whose actions will decide our future destiny.

Mr. Weldon's thesis is, very briefly, the following.

In a democratic state supreme value is attached to the individual, and the state is nothing more than a mechanical device to achieve the ends of individuals. But in an "organic" state, such as Russia or pre-war Germany, the individual is nothing. The state alone has true value. It is an organism and has a life and purposes of its own. It has absolute rights over the individual. This much, of course, we know already. But the point of Mr. Weldon's thesis is still to come. The political theories on which states are founded rest ultimately upon the moral sentiments of their populations, especially their moral views about the ultimate value, or lack of value, of the individual *vis-à-vis* the state. Morals are matters of feeling, not of reason or argument. Therefore no political theory can ultimately be proved right. There is no absolute or universal standard.

Two conclusions follow. First, democracy cannot be exported wholesale. You cannot produce it by imposing the mere machinery of democratic institutions on a people whose moral feelings are of the organic sort, as we are attempting to do in Japan. Such democracy will be a sham. There is practically no chance of democratizing Germany. Second—on the question whether ideological wars are unavoidable—we make a mistake if we suppose that our democratic philosophy is the only absolutely right and moral one, and if we make it a matter of missionary zeal to convert others, for example the Russians, to it by propaganda or otherwise. This mistake is likely to lead to war. Our morals are doubtless right for us, but organic morals may be right for the Russians. If two individuals have fundamentally divergent moral or religious views, for example a Catholic and a Protestant, they can get along quite well and do business. But there are conditions. They must avoid mutual abuse. And they must not be constantly raising the moral or religious issues and trying to proselytize one another. This will infallibly lead to quarrels. They must on the contrary carefully avoid the moral and religious issue and keep to the plane of the secondary matters of their economic or other business on which arrangement and compromise are possible so long as moral issues are not all the time dragged in. It is exactly the same with nations. We should stop thinking the Russians are wicked, and think only that their morals are not the same as ours, and avoid the subject. Then we could live in peace. The Russian, of course, needs similar advice.

The author's final practical conclusions seem to me admirable. But his ways of reaching them are not always above criticism. He dogmatically asserts many disputable things, such as that determinism is inconsistent with moral responsibility and freedom of the will. His arguments are not always clear. I cannot myself agree with his complete moral relativism. He sometimes uses vague language; for example, he speaks constantly of the question whether the state or the individual is "real" without explaining what in the world that much abused word can mean in this context. "Individual" is used as if its definition requires something absolutely continuous in space, in which case nothing larger than an electron would be an individual. But these are small matters to cavil at in what is, in its essential message, an excellent book.

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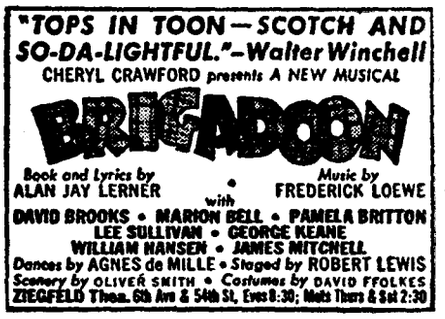
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sentimental, and she can dish out characters as tritely conventional as the down-and-outer who quotes Shakespeare and the writer who exults in his sense of his power over words. She can leave one story for another and that for still another, until she has three or four stories going at once, one point of view interlacing with another. On the other hand, she can walk into pub or garage, or the tense gambling atmosphere of a penny-pitching ring, and give you the very spit of men's speech. When she is writing from observation, describing a woman cooking or the Lane Communist shooting off his gob, she writes with insight, and the charm of true simplicity. It is only in invention—the opportunity of genius and often the bane of talent—that she grows sentimental and melodramatic. She has the courage of her emotions and a gift for expression.

Suzy Made Her Hat

JULIE. By Ruth Babcock. New York: Coward-McCann. 1947. 280 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the story of a girl, told by the man who loves her. It is a variation of the Escape-Me-Never theme—two people who are bound together by a compulsive mixture of devotion and conflict, strength and weakness, ecstasy and exasperation, and by a physical desire which is curiously denied and sublimated, a passion less of the flesh than of the romantic ideal. Julie, seen through the eyes of Chad Burns, the struggling young architectural student into whose life she comes like a stray kitten whose very helplessness enforces obligation, is a creature of inexplicable fascination; remote, mysterious, compound of fire and dew, fragile but stubborn, made of steel and moonlight. Beneath her calm passivity is a core of unyielding strength—"She was repose at evening, the hush of night. She was the tower of a building with night's first purple shadow sharp across it. When I really came to know her," rhapsodizes the infatuated Chad, "she made me think many times of steel and stone made mystery by a fading light, turned to a soft reflection of a still approach. . . . You could not look at Julie and think of noise. . . . "

Julie was helpless only on the outside. She had that terrible ability to endure without complaint what Chad, who loved her, knew ought not to be endured; she had a defeatism, a non-resistance policy which could bear circumstance—hunger, poverty, cold—simply by accepting it, by a metaphysical tightening of her belt. Chad, who found her stoically starving at the door of Mama Esposito's little restaurant, bought her a dinner. She annoyed him excessively by her remote and enigmatic air, but he didn't forget her, and when he met her again, some nights later, and bought her another dinner, he discovered that she had no place to live. So began Chad's self-assumed responsibility; she passively allowed him to get her a room and to support her as well as he could on his meagre income, making no demands, remaining aloof and mysterious and perfectly willing at any moment to go away again into the night and the shadows rather than to be a burden—but Chad wouldn't let her. She tried to get a job, but she didn't know how to do anything. She was obviously cultured, traveled, and well born; the one suit which she had was a Molyneux, her hat a Suzy. The mystery of her come-down in the world is finally explained—she was the daughter of a fabulously wealthy father who ran through his fortune and then stepped out of the thirtieth-story window of their apartment hotel. Julie, the enigmatic, simply left the scene and came to New York, with only the clothes she had on and no idea what to do when the money she got from pawning her silver fox scarf ran out.

Mrs. Babcock tries to make Julie as fascinating to the reader as she is to the bemused Chad, but she hardly succeeds. Julie is just plain vague, stupidly heroic, and irritating. Their year together while Chad tries to finish his course at architectural school, while they are hungry and worried and insecure, until the time when she goes out of his life, in her own way, is not so much a tender and appealing love story as it is a tedious and long-winded account of a rather incredible relationship. The blurb on the book tells us that Julie is "the sort of girl all men wish they could love and few women will be unsympathetic about." I should think most men would prefer someone less unearthly and elusive, less made of moonlight and steel and shadowy quiet; and as a woman I must say that I am pretty unsympathetic about Julie's vagueness, impracticality, helplessness, and back-handed self-dramatization. What could have been a poignant story of love and renunciation, of one human being's influence on another's life, becomes in Mrs. Babcock's book a sentimental glorification of neuroticism.

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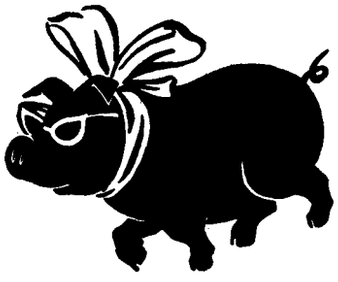

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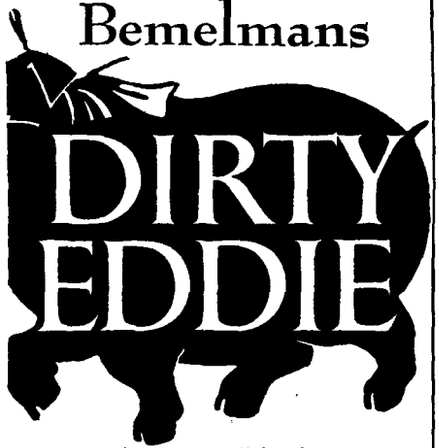

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IF I WERE playing at the tricky game of guessing what books of our time will live long lives, I should include among my most confidently backed candidates three books by Helen Waddell, each a masterpiece in its field. These are "The Wandering Scholars," a fascinating study of the *Vagantes* and their verse; "Medieval Latin Lyrics," in which Miss Waddell, by her English versions of that same verse, proved herself not only an exquisitely skilful, but even an inspired, translator; and "Peter Abelard," a novel of deep insight, compelling power, and heartbreaking beauty. All three are fruits of their author's scholarly preoccupation with medieval Latin literature. In the novel, which alone concerns us here, Miss Waddell's scholarship has been transmuted into flesh and blood and spirit.

When I picked up the new edition of "Peter Abelard," with drawings by Laszlo Matulay (Holt, $3), I wondered if it could really be as fine as I remembered its being, from my reading of the first edition in 1933. I was almost afraid to test my memory; but there was no ground for fear. Only with a shock can one realize that this story belongs to the class which we call The Historical Novel; that category which holds so many books of shreds and patches, so many costumed puppets, manipulated by authors who have boned up on a particular period for the express purpose of writing a piece of fiction. Miss Waddell is as at home in medieval Paris as you and I are in New York, and more at ease with Realism and Nominalism than most of us are with Existentialism. Abelard, Heloise, Fulbert, Gilles de Vannes, Geoffrey of Chartres, Roscelin, Alberic, Bernard of Clairvaux, Pierre de Montboissier —these are the contemporaries of her mind and spirit, with whom she has spent as much time as most of us do with our best friends, and it as such that she writes of them.

She communicates the ecstasy and tragedy of one of the world's most famous love stories in a way that seems to leave no veils or barriers of time between ourselves and the chief actors. We know, when we have done, that we have, in Gile's phrase, "seen the mating of eagles." Abelard, ruler of the Schools of Paris, whose pride of intellect came close to sin, met not only his peer in Heloise; he met one who was in some respects of character even his superior. But through her, through the glory and agony of the flesh, he came to share the experience of St. Paul and Augustine and Isaiah; and the once "masterless man," the once arrogant man, was humble in the sight of his master.

Miss Waddell's prose rhythms are a joy to the ear, while her command of the resources of our language is remarkably complete. Indeed, I believe that she is one of the most distinguished writers of English now alive.

If you would read one of the works that Abelard pondered eight centuries ago, turn to St. Augustine's "Faith, Hope and Charity," newly translated and annotated by the Very Reverend Louis Arand, published by the Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Maryland ($2.50). This handbook of Christian doctrine, based on the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, and usually known by its generic title of "Enchiridion," displays throughout its author's intellectual vigor; but to me its most interesting section is concerned with the origin and nature of evil. Father Arand's translation is admirably lucid; his learned notes informative.

The World Publishing Company's attractive edition of Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," introduced by Carl Van Doren ($1), is illustrated with singular felicity by John Groth, whose drawings seem to be one with the text, instead of being imposed upon it. . . . Bram Stoker's "Dracula," which has begot a brood of imitations in the horror field, is now a Pocket Book (25¢); and so is James Cain's more up-to-date horror yarn, written without benefit of vampires, "The Postman Always Rings Twice." . . . George Harmon Coxe's "Woman at Bay" (Grosset & Dunlap, $1) is a fair-to-middling tale of espionage, laid in Havana, by the author who seeks to create an illusion of action by keeping his characters busy pouring drinks, lighting cigarettes, "cradling" phones, and generally going places. . . . In "Any Shape or Form" (Grosset, $1), Elizabeth Daly plays the mystery game fairly and ingeniously; but Erle Stanley Gardner's "The Case of the Backward Mule" (Grosset, $1) is for addicts lost to all reason.

BEN. RAY REDMAN.

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CRITICISM

(*Continued from page* 19)

the case. "Truth is not reality, but is what we say about reality."

Mr. Stein goes out of his way to apologize for the systematic book he wrote earlier on esthetics by pointing out that the subject of this book is prose and poetry which "have nothing to do with esthetics but belong to the world of vital interests." He regards art in pretty much the same light, as a part of our daily lives, a viable form of expression, even tied up "with things that are all wrong, like murder and sudden death." In other words, life is a going concern, as Leo Stein sees it; art keeps the whole business going. There is nothing terribly solemn about art, he announces, therewith impatiently sweeping aside the absurd fetishism and cant, the ridiculous verbiage and conventional derogatory terms commonly associated with most criticism today.

There is something radically wrong with our sense of appreciation, says Leo Stein. In examining the values and meaning of poetry, prose, and painting (Mr. Stein devotes a greater part of the book to the latter), he assures us that appreciation in the wrong place is but another aspect of vulgarity. By getting down to fundamental distinctions between the "poetic" and "prosaic"—and it seems to work in all the arts, perhaps less in music of which Stein confesses a rather blissful ignorance—we eventually arrive at a point where we can determine that element which communicates appreciations, and that which analyzes or is factual in character. Following through our scheme of mental activity we should then be able to distinguish between science and art until finally we are able to recognize their abstracted values in logic and mysticism. After that there should be no need for equivocating or relying on any but our own sense of appreciation. It all sounds much more ponderous in theory than it is. In fact, in order not to do any further injustice to Mr. Stein's delightful book, let it suffice to say that he has liberated criticism of the arts from the snobs and silly idolaters and get on with the three chapters on the author's own personal adventures.

Leo Stein calls his work "a little debauch in the realm of ideas." It is but another charming and quaint way of modestly appraising his tendency to ramble, to talk with warmth and intelligence about painters and their paintings, poets and their poems, and those friends and associates he and his sister knew in Paris. Like his sister, Leo Stein encouraged and bought the canvases of the new painters, Picasso, Matisse, and Bracque. But Gertrude and he did not always see eye to eye on these acquisitions to his already famous collection of moderns. One story he tells shows how well he understood his sister, and yet how sure he was of his own intuitions when it came to appreciate paintings. After meeting Picasso for the first time, Stein went to Sagot's and bought one of Picasso's canvases despite the fact that Gertrude hated it. He liked this picture of a nude, almost naked little girl with a basket of red flowers. Gertrude was dining when she heard about it. "Now you've spoiled my appetite. I hated that picture with feet like a monkey's," she boomed. Mr. Stein adds that his sister always refused to sell this Picasso canvas in later years, and believed that she always kept it. Nor is Leo Stein above penetrating analyses of his friends. Of Picasso he has this to say: "He would have been a truly great artist, I think, if he had been more genuine; as it is, he's an extraordinary phenomenon."

Somewhere near the turn of the century Leo Stein settled in Paris. Shortly after that his apartment at 27 Rue de Fleuris became a favorite gathering place for men and women who hung on every word their wise and witty host had to say on art and literature. "Appreciation" is but further testament of what a lively time must have been had by all.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 220

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 220 will be found in the next issue.

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 219

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POETRY

(*Continued from page 23*)

phorically more intense and satisfying "see how the sun rubs ulcers in the sky" in the Baudelairean second stanza of "Black Edge," his gloomiest poem, than in the more affirmative and lyrical, but weaker conclusion to the same poem:

Wash me in happy air,
restore me with the odor of rivers;
then feed o feed my sight
with your normal love.

Bent Rhymes

THE SEA FARING AND OTHER POEMS. By Louis O. Coxe. Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 55 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

MR. COXE'S volume presents a problem to the conscientious reviewer. It is undoubtedly an important first book. There are two longer poems which touch greatness and several shorter ones of unusual merit. But certain faults, typical of the times, are obvious.

The title poem is not successful. It is too much a catalogue of unresolved associations and impressions. It has as much of the sea in it as a modern sailor has knowledge of sailing. Something of the push-button mechanism of the modern warship interposes itself between the sea and the poet. A more direct contact results merely in such a phrase (in a later poem) as "the ocean's corrupt persuasion," which leads me to recommend a sailboat with a two-foot freeboard.

In general, the shorter poems are intellectual, not lyrical, but such is the trend of the age. The rhyming in some of the poems is so laboriously defective, the use of assonance so pedantic, that the reader sometimes wishes the poet would either retune this instrument or abandon it altogether. In the poem on Hawthorne, for example, we find this arrangement of rhyme-sounds: delusion-past - vision - guest - pens - ears - sins - doors - sick - Melville - back-devil. What is the sense of bending all these rhymes the wrong way except to conform to the childish nonconformity of an addle-pated age? The result is doggerel, a cultivated illiteracy. Obscurities and strained conceits abound. I cannot fathom what "The Tempters," for example, is about, and I am not sure I should be rewarded if I could. It is so elaborate and yet so unoriginal. The search for novelty is like the surprise ending in O. Henry's stories, monotonously extraordinary.

Turning to "Sea Elegy," I should like to be able to retract everything I have said above. This beautiful and rich poem, well planned and executed to perfection, draws from the reader's own being, with almost intolerable sharpness, scenes and experiences that are his own. Surely this quality is a mark of great poetry. A broken succession of excellent shorter poems which follow, such as "V-J Day," "Discharge," "Selective Service," "The Great," "Melville," "Night Fear," and "Spare Time," tempts one's critical conscience to erase all mention of the less happy pieces. The book ends with another fine longer poem, "Epistle to Oahu." In general structure, this is not quite so successful as "Sea Elegy," but the two final strophes are a remarkable achievement in themselves.

So far, it would seem that this poet is at his best when he relaxes his nervous insistence on the stamp of individuality. He is most memorable when he strives least to be so. The two longer poems which represent the high point of his art give him scope for freer feeling and expression than the more crabbed condensations of mood. Technically, also, their length provides room for harmonious music beyond a dissonant tuning-up. Taken at its best, Mr. Coxe's first book is an item to be cherished for the future.

Surer than fate
it's
Gus the Great

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 701)

JOHN KIERAN:
FOOTNOTES ON NATURE

We went . . . to inspect a beaver dam and adjacent lumbering operations of the animals. . . . I think that *Castor canadensis* is an amiable and interesting animal but an old fraud as an expert engineer or pious example for lazy human beings.

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DOES THE UNIVERSE HAVE A MIND?

(*Continued from page* 10)

served, accumulated, and organized. In non-living systems there is mind-stuff but not mind. Energy is dissipated almost as fast as it is received and leaves no traces of sufficient strength to propagate themselves and to determine appreciably the behavior of the system in which they may be stored. On the other hand, however, it would seem to be highly improbable that the particular combination of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen which constitutes our protoplasm and which can only exist under highly restricted conditions of gravity and temperature should be the only combination of atoms to serve as a vehicle for those accumulations of potential energy which mean life and mind.

But whether or not there are other types of finite minds with other material embodiments than those we know on this planet, it is difficult not to believe that the cosmos as a whole possesses a completer unity than any of its parts, and thus constitutes an integrated field of energy having an organicity like that of mind and a memory from which nothing of the past could be wholly lost.

There are, however, two roads "through nature to God," and I propose now that we turn to the second of these roads and consider not the structure of the cosmos in space but its history in time in order to see whether we can there discover anything indicative of the work of mind.

Does the universe show any evidence in its behavior of being created and guided by a mind that is both omnipotent and benign? To this time-honored theological question the answer must be a flat negative. Nature is tooth and claw, and life so constituted that each creature can preserve its existence only by devouring other creatures. If there is a God, he is either not omnipotent or not good, in any sense of the word "good" that the human conscience can sanction. When transfixed on the horns of this ancient dilemna, which is called "The Problem of Evil," the theologian has usually preferred to save the omnipotence of God at the expense of his goodness. We are told that God works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform, and that his ways are not our ways. For a being with a conscience anything like ours, such a God would be regarded as diabolical rather than divine if, *with omnipotence to draw upon*, he had made a world in which ninety-nine per cent of his creatures might thrive. And where does a vainglorious anthropomorphism reach such a climax of impudence as when the defenders of this type of theology seek to explain and justify the misery inherent in animal life by declaring it to be the proper result of human sin? As though anything that was done by so recent an inhabitant of this planet as man could justify the suffering that took place in the ages that preceded man's appearance! Might does not make right even when it is divine might. And power politics is as ugly a thing in heaven as it is on earth. To attribute to a God of Love the creation of the world of things as they are is blasphemy.

Suppose, then, that we purge our

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religion of the immoral notion of divine omnipotence and look again at the course of nature. The conflict, tragedy, and waste are still there, but pervading them all we find unmistakable signs of an upward, or revolutionary, trend. Through many a setback and defeat this Increasing Purpose runs. No aggregate of blind forces, however complicated, could by a miracle of chance have given us even the life that we have, imperfect though it be. Everywhere throughout organic nature there is the sign of something like mind dimly but assuredly at work. And when we turn from biology to physics and from the little oasis of organic life to the vast desert of the inorganic by which all protoplasm is encompassed we find what is an unmistakable echo of one of the four primary characteristics of mental reality, the one which we called "integration" or "organicity."

Science does, to be sure, record everywhere the opposite of integrations. It finds disintegrations, katabolisms and breakdowns throughout nature. This omnipresent trend used to be called the Law of Dissipation of Energy, and also, under another aspect, the Second Law of Thermodynamics. It is now frequently called the Increase of Entropy, where the positive-sounding word "entropy" means the amount of uniformity, extensity, scatteredness, and disorganization, that so far as significance and utility are concerned is very negative indeed. But is it not true that this sad trend in nature must have been preceded by an opposite trend, which we can call anti-entropy?

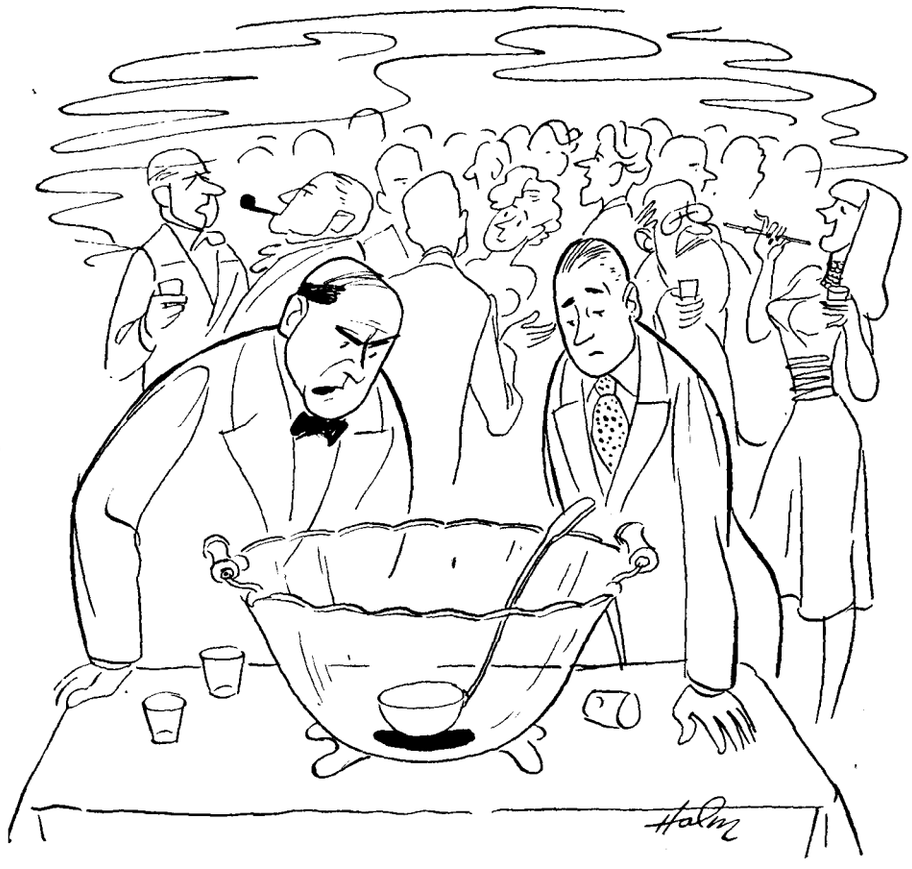
Before there can be spending there must have been saving, before katabolism there must have been anabolism. In short, there cannot be death unless there has first been life. Somehow or other the corpuscles must have been organized into atoms and the atoms into molecular and supermolecular systems as a prelude to the series of breakdowns that were characterized as the dissipation of energy. Aristotle reminded us that what is last in the order of Knowledge is first in the order of Being; and there may come a time when a second volume of science is written in which not entropy but the antientropy that preceded it will be the principal theme. And yet if that second and greater volume is ever written it may be written in a different language, for the good and curious reason that the powers that make for integration and organicity are, as we have already seen, characteristic of what is essentially internal or mental, and as such not open directly to external observation any more than are the minds of other people.

All this suggests a hypothesis which I do not think is too far-fetched or fanciful. It is the hypothesis that the anti-entropic power that must exist in nature is a mental power akin to what we find in ourselves. To call such a factor the Will of God, would, then, be no empty metaphor but the very truth. For it is, in Matthew Arnold's great phrase, "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." That it is not an omnipotent power is all too sadly obvious. Everywhere there is the conflict of wills and tendencies that makes for disorganization and pain. But among these varied tendencies, and leavening the chaos that they constitute, is the tendency to higher organization and harmony.

BUT now in conclusion there is a final question that must be asked. If the cosmic mind, or God, is not omnipotent, does that mean that the chaos of nature is something outside God and menacing him with a more or less unpredictable fate? The brave Zoroastrians and after them William James, John Stuart Mill, and many others who have preferred to save God's goodness at the expense of his traditional omnipotence have seemed to think so. With all respect to the great leaders of that school of thought, I cannot believe that in this point they are right. If there is a cosmic mind, or God, then everything moves and has its being within that mind. I prefer to think of the chaotic tendencies of nature as what Boehme or Meister Eckhart characterized as "that in God which is not God." Cosmic evolution could then be regarded as the work of organizing the independent centers of activity in the divine mind that constitute its contents taken distributively and as a plurality, and informing them more and more with the harmony characteristic of that mind when considered in its collective unity.

When viewed in this way and interpreted in the language of the noblest of the legends of ancient Greece, the Will of God would not be the analogue of any omnipotent Zeus but rather of the Prometheus, the Divine Rebel, whose heart was directed singly to the good and who waged an unyielding war against the Tyrant's claim that Right be subordinated to Might.

If such a Promethean Spirit is indeed a reality, he should be thought of not as a King of kings but as a Comrade of comrades, needing our aid as we need his in that unending pursuit of the ideal which for God no less than for Man makes up the meaning of existence.



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A BRAHMS AND A DVORAK

TWO RECENT recordings of nineteenth-century music *(reviewed above)* furnish examples of worthwhile non-repertory music from that overly familiar period.

The Dvorak First Symphony (actually his sixth) was classed by Tovey as superior to the "New World," a verdict with which this reviewer concurs; yet the symphony is rarely played, perhaps once for two hundred playings of the "New World." It is a splendid sample of the purest unselfconscious Romanticism, full-blooded and honest, transposed strangely into the pretentious era of Wagner, Brahms, and Tchaikowsky. True, it rambles, notably in the last movement; it is over-orchestrated, over-themed. Yet if we must hear so much puffed-up trash from the Eighties and Nineties, then the more reason for getting to know this simpler, more honest first-rate second-class music, especially in such a gorgeously sympathetic performance as the Cleveland's under Leinsdorf.

There has been considerable critical jousting over the Ray Lev (Concert Hall) recording of the Brahms sonata, his first published work. There is again no question in my mind as to the desirability of having this music (so superbly performed) on records. It is of course a curiosity for Brahms lovers—it shows the kind of music Brahms wrote before the advent of the familiar beard. At nineteen he was full of the uncritical enthusiasm and vigor of youth, so unlike the almost academic introspection of the older Brahms. Moreover it was this very music that so excited Schumann that he hailed Brahms, quite correctly, as a coming leader—a feat few critics have managed to pull off. (If Schumann liked this music, who are we to scorn it!) Another interest: this early Brahms reeks of Chopin, Beethoven, Schumann. It is delightfully imitative, not unimaginatively, but rather constructively; for all original music must be founded on the work of the past. Still another pointer: as Schumann perceived, this music did extraordinary things technically for the Romantic piano style, beyond Schumann's own contribution.

But above all the Brahms is good to hear. It is prolix, repetitive, uneconomical, but for those who sometimes tire of the everlastingly cautions academicism of the late Brahms this impulsive music will be a welcome supplement.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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END OF SUMMER

THE FALL books are beginning to come in, and it behooves this department to gather up the threads of the spring and summer books and turn to November and Book Week. *The Book Week Manual*, arriving a month or so ago, is informing and stimulating. We would like to register here our approval of it. The slogan—"Books for the World of Tomorrow"—emphasizes the share that children and young people should have in the annual festival. It can hardly be emphasized too strongly. Only if they are concerned to a point where they are made, at least partially, responsible will Book Week in the United States of America become Book Week for all the world.

MARY GOULD DAVIS.

THE SPIRIT OF THE EAGLE. By Merritt Parmelee Allen. Decorations by Avery Johnson. New York: Longmans Green & Co. 1947. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

THE ACTION in this book is based upon the expedition led by Captain Bonneville of the United States Army westward over the Rocky Mountains from 1831 to 1834. Thorp Mason, the hero, is captured by the Indians who brand him on the chest with the mark of a flying eagle. Thorp escapes and joins Captain Bonneville and the Mountain Men. Three years of hardship, danger, and thrilling discovery follow. Through the eyes of the Captain, an idealist as well as an explorer, the reader gets a vivid sense of the first white man's glimpse of the Great Divide. This is a good book for today's reading. America's wealth and prosperity were not easily won. Through such a story one realizes the suffering and sacrifice that went into its making.

HIGH COUNTRY. By Harold Channing Wire. Illustrated by Robert L. Held. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 1946. 183 *pp.* $2.

THE STORY of Brad Tyson's summer with the United States Rangers in the forests of the high Sierra Nevadas. The plot is a bit melodramatic with Brad exposing a group of men who are stealing cattle and hiding the beef in ice-caves; but the real value of the story lies in its convincing picture of the life of a Forest Ranger, especially in the modern method of fighting forest fires.

SWIMMING FEVER. By Marion Renick. Illustrated by Dwight Logan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1947. 181 *pp.* $2.

BILL did not really want to learn to swim, but he "talked big" to another boy who was a good swimmer and, being Bill, was obliged to take lessons so that he could win a race. This is a very amusing story filled with real and amusing people—especially Bill. Incidentally, it includes detailed and practical instructions in the art of swimming.

WINDY FOOT AT THE COUNTY FAIR. By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 153 *pp.* $2.

AN UNUSUALLY good story about about Toby Clark and his horse, Windy Foot. All of the people in the book, from wise old Billy Blue who knows all about horses to Toby's little brother Johnny who talks in free verse, are well worth knowing. There is humor and understanding in every character. The story is so well written and you like the people so much that when Windy Foot wins the race at the county fair you feel a sense of personal triumph and satisfaction.

THE DIVIDED HEART. By Mina Lewiton. Illustrations by Howard Simon. Philadelphia: David McKay Co. 1947. 215 *pp.* $2.50.

THE STORY of a fifteen-year-old girl's adjustment to a divorce between her father and mother. The characters are more or less conventional and the main thread of the story lies in the mind and emotions of the heroine. These are shown with sympathy and insight, but one is conscious always of the motive for writing the book. To this reviewer it is more a story for adults about a girl than a story for the girls themselves.

TREASURE ON THE JOHNNY SMOKER. *By Mildred Houghton Comfort. New York: William Morrow & Co.* 1947. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

EVERYONE who remembers the Dustin family in "Winter on the *Johnny Smoker*" will be delighted to meet them again. Here they are at Reads Landing on Lake Pepin a year or so after that famous winter. Rella and Mary are still poking their small noses into everything that happens. Billy and Timothy discover a cache of fabulous furs that were stolen and hidden in a cave on the Mississippi years before. Captain Dustin manages to protect them and, finally, to deliver them to fur merchants in St. Louis, although he is obliged to sacrifice the reputation of the *Johnny Smoker* in the process. Everyone shares in the excitement and the story ends very happily. As a sequel, this is thoroughly satisfying.

THE SECRET CAMP. By Irena Balinska. Illustrated by Marthe Rajcman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. 245 *pp.* $2.50.

AN ADVENTURE story laid in and around a Maine village, this offers a new and challenging idea to those of us who love the out-of-doors. Of the two boys who are its heroes, Bill is a woodsman, trained in Indian woodcraft and in the gypsy pattern. Mike is a natural-born scientist with a special interest in cartography. Together they follow a stream, come out on a lake, and decide to make the lake their own secret place—and camp. It has everything—a dry cave, a good harbor, running water. A trail would betray it, so they give up trail making and the gypsy signs and Mike makes a map—a scientific chart—that they can follow. The village "gang" tries to find it and there is a "war" which Bill and Mike win. They then decide to include the gang in the secret and all is well until the very exciting incident of the German spies. It is Mike's knowledge of cartography that helps the local police and the F.B.I. locate the spies and free the two boys whom they have kidnapped. This is a good story, with convincing and interesting characters. The volume is also a guide to cartography.

WILLOW HILL. By Phyllis A. Whitney. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1947. 243 *pp.* $2.50.

THE BUILDING of a housing project at the edge of a town in which Negro families were coming to live had the influential

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group of Willow Hill up in arms. At first Val Coleman resented any threat to the peace and the good times that she had always enjoyed, particularly in the school. But Stephen Reid, who had come to stay with the Colemans, helped Val to see more clearly in true perspective the issues at stake. The high-school crowd, steeped for many years in the ideals of true democracy, had now a chance to meet the challenge and to show their elders that democracy really could *work*.

This is a story that comes completely and excitingly to life. The problem around which it is built is faced squarely, the characters are real, and the plotting is skilful. A book with a message, it gains rather than loses by its preoccupation with a crisis in human relations, for its theme is the very heart of the story, even as it is the heart of our struggle for national integrity here in America.

NIKOLINE'S CHOICE. By Margaret Maw. Illustrated by Mabel Woodbury. New York: Oxford University Press. 1947. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS is the story of a Danish family who, sixty years ago, made the hard journey to Utah seeking freedom to own their land, till their soil, and be their own masters. Lena is old enough to be quite aware of the hardships and disappointments of the new life and to understand the meaning of the freedom that her parents seek. More a chronicle of a courageous immigrant family than a story, its weakness is balanced by its warmth, sincerity, and evident realism.

RUSSIAN TALES FOR CHILDREN. Told by Alexei Tolstoy. Illustrated by K. Kouznetsov. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 194 *pp.* $2.50.

IN HIS foreword Mr. Tolstoy says that folktales are usually told "in a literary manner . . . in conventional, bookish language." One wonders if he has read Wanda Gag's "Tales from Grimm" or Ruth Sawyer's "Picture Tales from Spain." In these Slavic folktales he uses a combination of prose and verse and a great deal of dialogue. It is easy to compare his translation with others because many of these stories are already familiar to American boys and girls. It will be interesting to see what they will make of this "wordy" method of telling familiar stories. It is a book that will gravitate naturally to the hands of storytellers.

HANK WINTON, SMOKECHASER. By Montgomery M. Atwater. Illustrated by Joseph Dreany. New York: Random House. 1947. 210 *pp.* $2.25.

BOYS and girls who have read and approved Mr. Atwater's earlier books will meet old friends in this one. Brad Davis of "Ski Patrol" is here. John Semple, Crawford, and Hank Winton and his father are all characters in this story. It is the tale of Hank's first summer with the Forest Patrol. Because he is Senator Winton's son and because Semple and Crawford are his friends as well as his superiors the other young men in the group that is beginning its training suspect him of being a "dude." Hank has to prove himself through self-control, intelligence, and hard work. In one thrilling incident he becomes, with no previous training and at an hour's notice, a "smokejumper." This is, in our opinion, one of the best adventure stories of 1947.

SUNSTAR AND PEPPER: SCOUTING WITH JEB STUART. By Edna Hoffman Evans. Illustrated by A. S. Park. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1947. 294 *pp.* $2.50.

SERVING as one of Jeb Stuart's personal couriers, sixteen-year-old Potter Pepperill saw plenty of action and shared in a number of exciting missions. But the best thing that happened to him was the meeting with a Yankee of his own age. How the Confederate "Pepper" served the Yankee Stephen, how—as President Lincoln said—"a good deed came home to roost" brings a climax to this Civil War story.

Jeb Stuart was a daring, gallant figure, the idol of the young Southerners of his day. His exploits make good reading. The emphasis of the story, however, is on the lack of understanding between North and South rather than on the action. While common sense and understanding made possible the friendship between Pepper and Stephen, one wonders if boys of their age would have felt it to that degree.

BIRD DOG BARGAIN. By Kenneth Gilbert. Drawings by Ernest Norling. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 200 *pp.* $2.50.

WHEN WINGOVER, a highly bred bird dog, is given to Joey Trent in payment of a debt he shows signs of being "gun shy." Joey, with the expert help of old Bill Lynch the trapper, sets to work to cure Wingover and to train him. They do so well that Wingover wins the field trials over his litter brother, Pep. This is an excellent story of the North woods with a final chapter that tells exactly how to train a bird dog.

THE PIGEONEERS. By Anne Malloy. Illustrated by Elizabeth Converse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 180 *pp.* $2.50.

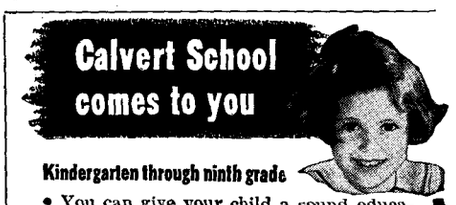
ELEVEN-year-old Nat is one of the boys in the great orthopedic hospital that overlooks the Hudson River. After a long wait he gets the most coveted bed in the ward—the one in the window. There, for hours on end, he watches Mr. Lombard and his pigeons on the roof of the building opposite. Nat's quick eyes see the hawk that threatens the pigeons. He warns Mr. Lombard through a clever invention of his own, and between them they start the "Pigeoneers"—a highly successful club that does much more than relieve the monotony of Nat's long convalescence. Mr. Lombard's contribution includes some good historical tales about pigeons.

GOLDFISH. By Herbert S. Zim. Pictures by Joy Buba. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1947. *No paging.* $2.

A THOROUGHLY entertaining and informing book. It tells all about the strange ways and habits of goldfish, and how to take care of them.

WILD ANIMALS OF FIVE RIVERS COUNTRY. By George Cory Franklin. Illustrated by Mary Ogden Abbott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1947. 270 *pp.* $2.50.

THESE are authentic stories of the wild animals who live in Colorado and New Mexico. There are eighteen animals and each one has his own individual story. There is evident knowledge and great enthusiasm in the author's presentation. Through the book one learns much of this especial part of America.



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the Phoenix Nest

REFLETS DANS L'EAU

THE lacquered surface of this pond
Supports an inlay of the sky:
Each cloud and wing and amber frond
Caught and inverted cunningly.

The image alters where there grow
Green lily pads the shade of bronze
Whose stems and curling edges show
A crimson like the feet of swans.

The swan itself serenely floats
Erect and white, and leaves behind
A rippled wake like lingered notes
Of music drifting in the mind.

RAYMOND HOSKEN.

* * *

I am glad to hear from Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, whose president is Spyros P. Skouras. Paul Nord of that organization writes as follows:

> "Porphyrogenis" means not "born in the purple," which in Greek is "Porphyrogennitos." Porphyrogenis means "red beard," or "the red-bearded one," something like "Barbarossa," "Barbe-Rousse," or "Feuerbart." The Greek word for "beard" being pogon or "geneion," "geneias," in modern colloquial Greek "geni."

* * *

SIX, TWO, AND EVEN

The I.Q. of Troy's King Priam oft is
  subject to attacks
For not probing that ill-omened
  wooden pony with an axe;
Yet it's hardly fair to make one's
  criticism very warm
Of this hapless Royal Sport for his
  reliance on the Form.

Though perhaps the first, he's surely
  not the last to reap remorse
From an error in projecting the per-
  formance of a horse;
Many a hopeful handicapper's reached
  the limit of his rope
When his Sure Thing calculations
  overlooked the Inside Dope!

ROBERT G. PECK, JR.

* * *

The following letter is self-explanatory:

> Let Robert L. Parslow, who doubts, in your column of July 12, my assertion of Southey's authorship of "The story of the three bears," read the article entitled "Southey and the Three Bears," by Mary I. Shamburger and Vera R. Lachmann, in the *Journal of American Folklore* for Oct.-Dec., 1946.
>
> There we learn that the authorship has never been disputed, though Southey gathered his materials from several sources: the questions about food, the chairs, and the bed from Grimm's Tale 43, "Sneewittchen"; the bears, the number three, and the porridge from a Norwegian tale, probably in oral form; and the little old woman probably from a formula tale; though Southey's is the most shocking of all such little old women. Thus, say these learned investigators, "A poet combined two old tales (old before either was written down) and added something—all for the entertainment of his children—whence it found its way to classical literature, only to find its way back again and again to the anonymous realm of children's delight." They add that the enlarged posthumous edition (1849) of Southey's "The Doctor" refers to this story as "one which has been tried out with young listeners 'and never fails of effect with that fit audience for which it was designed'." In short, this nursery classic now "belongs to no country, to no century, to no author, but to all children everywhere, who enjoy the story and repeat it, each in his own way, in his own time."
>
> Therefore, Mr. Parslow, fie, fie for shame for your assertion that "Southey's is merely a cynical version of an anonymously authored juvenile." Let Southey's good deed be acknowledged in this naughty world by replacing his name on future title pages of "The Three Bears!"

EUGENE B. VEST.

* * *

From the poet, Joseph Joel Keith, Los Angeles Center of the P. E. N. Club, comes this:

> Following the nineteenth Congress of the international P. E. N. Club in Zürich, *Adam International Review*, a literary journal in English and French edited by Miron Grindea at 28, Emperor's Gate, London, S.W. 7, devoted its whole June issue to Switzerland in literature. Mr. Grindea's editorial welcomed Thomas Mann, who returned to Switzerland "where he derived inspiration and moral support during the Hitler terror." Edited with distinction by Mr. Grindea, the journal deserves to be well known in this country; Churchill's article on Shaw and Eliot's scholarly piece alone are worth the annual subscription. Switzerland's Professor Robert Faesi, scholar, poet, and critic active in the Swiss P. E. N., writes the stirring and stimulating article in the magazine for June:
>
> I actually believe that during the last ten years the cliffs of Dover were nearer to us than the right bank of the Rhine, and we German-Swiss have become aware that our kinship with the British, in spite of the difference of language, is deeper than that with the Germans, or at least, with the Prussians. The Swiss feels himself to be, like the Englishman, a free, independent individual. Like the Briton, he is capable of self-control and moderation, thanks to his instinctive, if somewhat passive realism, whereas the German, by nature, is in danger of running wild, of over- or under-rating his own person and of over-exerting his own power. He has an urge to dominate, a dionysian liking for exaggerated heroism; he is beset by romantic illusions and a tragic, secret love of death. Our geographical position on the borders of the Latin and German cultures, and our small territory, are the origins of two opposite impulses and two principles, both of which are characteristic of our literature. Our vulnerability breeds in us a certain mistrust towards all that is foreign or new, and can sometimes degenerate into isolation and self-sufficiency; for though Switzerland is a kind of island, it is at the same time a bridge, and a retreat. Politically, spiritually, and materially it has been a refuge for individuals as diverse as Nietzsche, Hutten, Richard Wagner, Thomas Mann, Madame de Staël, and Lenin. One could, indeed, write a voluminous and fascinating book on the subject of our willing and unwilling guests, including poets such as Byron or Shelley, with its last chapter pointing to the graves of the great German bards, Stefan George at Lacarno and Rilke in the Valais, who fled to us from an intolerable Germany. I, personally, was present at the Zürich funeral of James Joyce, that lonely revolutionary of the novel.
>
> And the closing sentences in Professor Faesi's very fine article are certainly lines to be remembered:
>
> It is true, we cannot claim to play a prominent or revolutionary part as a nation. But in the deluge that has submerged immeasurable culture values, our island may perform the functions of a keeper, saving for better times what has been entrusted to her—a function of which we may be justly proud. On Switzerland's most imposing open-air stage, in front of the Cathedral of Einsiedeln, Calderon's "World Theatre" is being played. The meaning of this supreme allegory is that it is not so important which part is assigned by the great Dispensator to the individual player in the world theatre, so long as each plays his part according to his power, and for the benefit of the community. We hope to discharge the duties of our part as well as humanly possible, and to show, above all, in our works of art, that we know what is expected of us.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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Continued on page 38

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PERSONALS

Continued from page 37

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 702

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

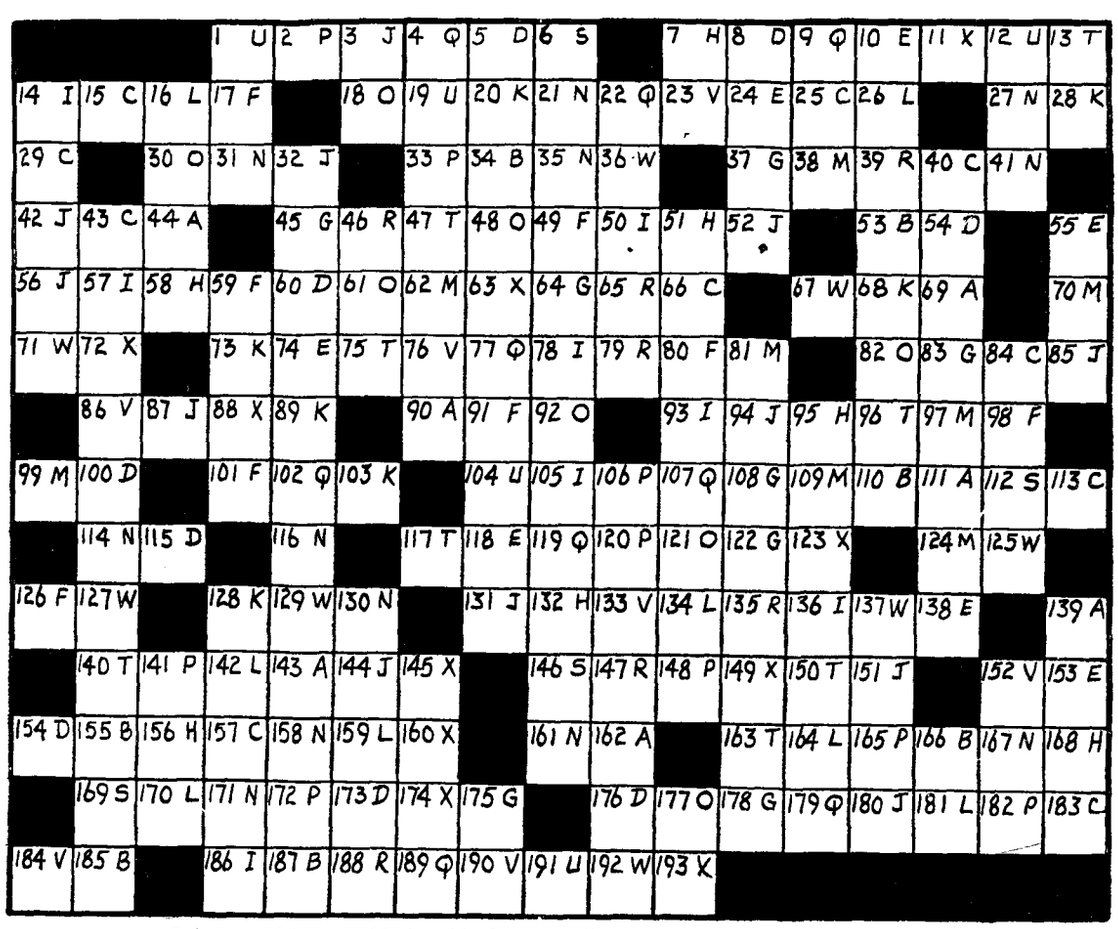
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Italian tragic dramatist whose works revived Italy's national spirit (1749-1803).	139 90 162 111 69 44 143
B. Novel by Disraeli (1870).	185 53 110 34 155 166 187
C. A long settee or log placed before the fire of a lumberman's cabin (U.S. & Canada; 2 wds.).	29 15 84 183 43 113 66 40 157 25
D. German-born French musician and composer (1819-80).	100 115 54 5 8 176 60 154 173
E. Improvement.	74 118 55 10 24 153 138
F. American humorist (1891-; "Dere Mable").	17 101 59 80 49 126 91 98
G. Character in "The Winter's Tale".	83 122 175 37 45 178 108 64
H. Offish; backward or shy (Colloq.).	7 156 51 95 58 168 132
I. A proverbial shrew (Hist.).	105 50 14 78 136 186 57 93
J. The position of troops or ships arranged for attack (Mil. & Nav.; 3 wds.).	32 94 144 52 180 42 131 87 85 3 151 56
K. Spanish form of "Henry".	103 28 68 128 73 20 89
L. The Serbo-Croatian language.	26 170 181 134 16 159 164 142
M. Ribless (Bot.).	62 109 124 81 70 38 99 97
N. Founder of the Chaldean Empire and father of Nebuchadnezzar II.	167 116 158 114 21 161 31 27 130 41 35 171
O. Inattentive because of anxiety, pain, or apprehension.	92 177 18 61 48 30 121 82
P. A persevering person (Colloq.; comp.).	148 106 141 120 165 2 172 182 33
Q. Last name of great Italian poet (1265-1321).	9 179 22 189 102 77 119 4 107
R. The grandmother and nurse of Hiawatha (Longfellow).	46 147 39 188 135 79 65
S. To divest oneself of; to put off, as dress.	6 112 146 169
T. American poet and librarian (1892-; Pulitzer prize, 1932).	163 75 47 140 13 150 117 96
U. The empyrean.	191 19 1 104 12
V. American poet, author, editor (1836-1907).	184 76 23 190 152 133 86
W. Swedish Arctic explorer and paleobotanist (1850-1921).	137 67 129 71 127 125 192 36
X. Group of men of Greece noted for sagacity (2 wds.; 6th Century B.C.).	193 72 88 174 63 149 11 145 160 123

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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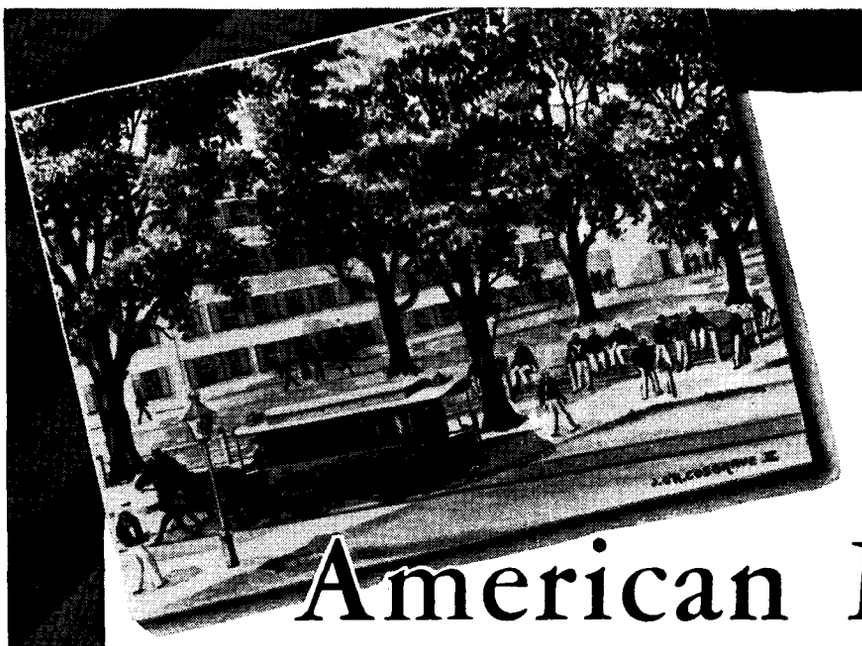
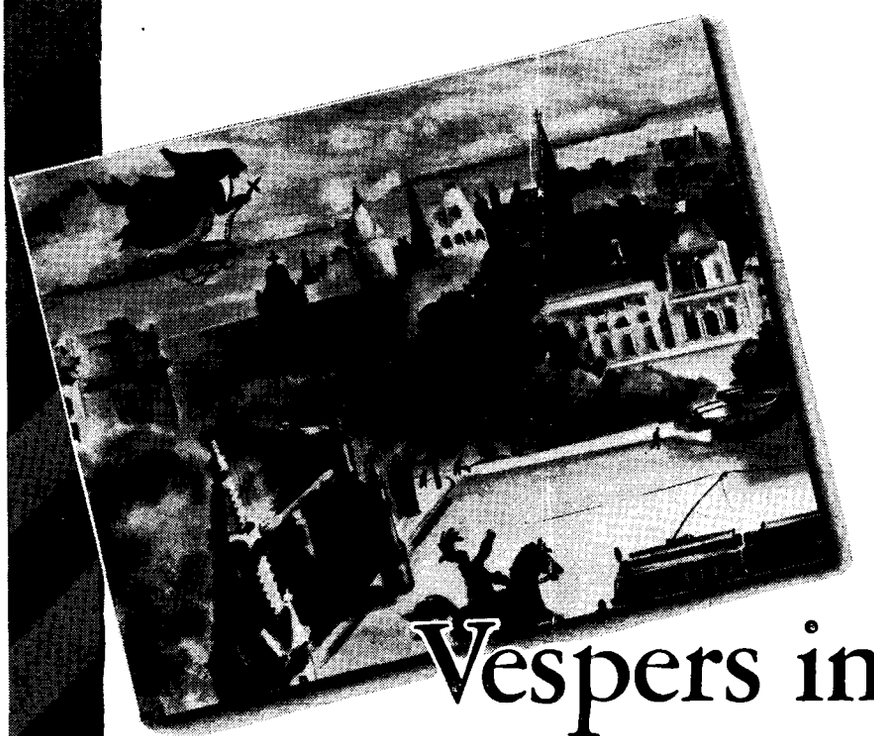


By
HENRY
SEIDEL
CANBY

American Memoir

About this memoir of one of the most fertile periods in American literary history *Bernard DeVoto* says:

". . . the story of an intelligence dealing with its time. An intelligence aware of its inheritance of romanticism from an easier age, aware also of the illusions that attend every effort to achieve reality, but determined nevertheless to uncover reality and to stand on it." $5.00



A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

By
BRUCE
MARSHALL

Vespers in Vienna

About the new book by the author of "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith" and "Yellow Tapers for Paris" *Christopher Morley* says:

"Good will suffers long—but also tingles with laughter, if it's Bruce Marshall's kind of good will. The scene is the world-beloved romantic city of Vienna, in the tangle of after-war. Bruce Marshall is full of mockery, he succumbs sometimes to merely carnal or spiritual comedy, but he is never morbid or mean. He is one of my favorite lay priests because he realizes the farce and terror of man."

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